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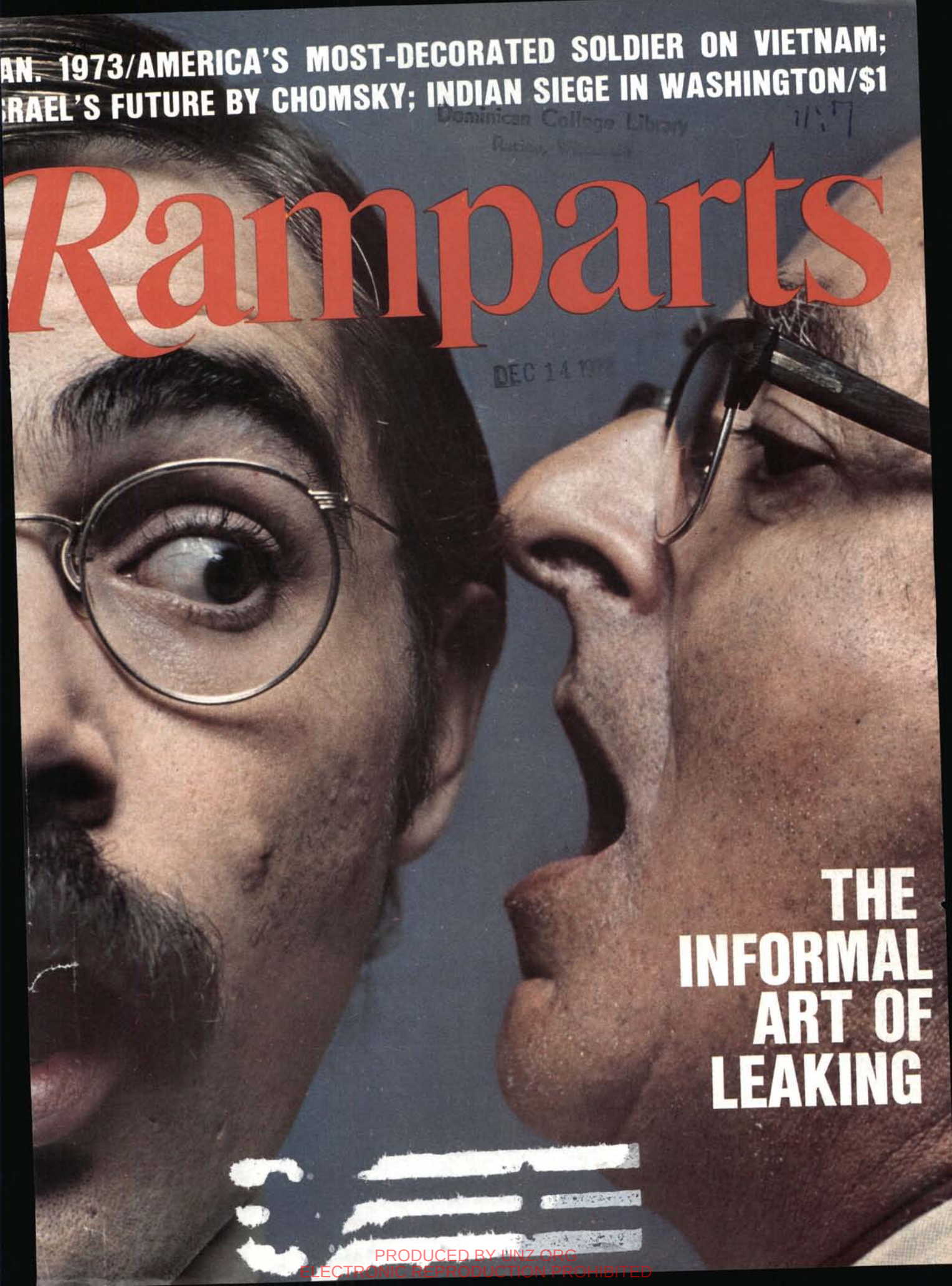

THE INFORMAL ART OF LEAKING

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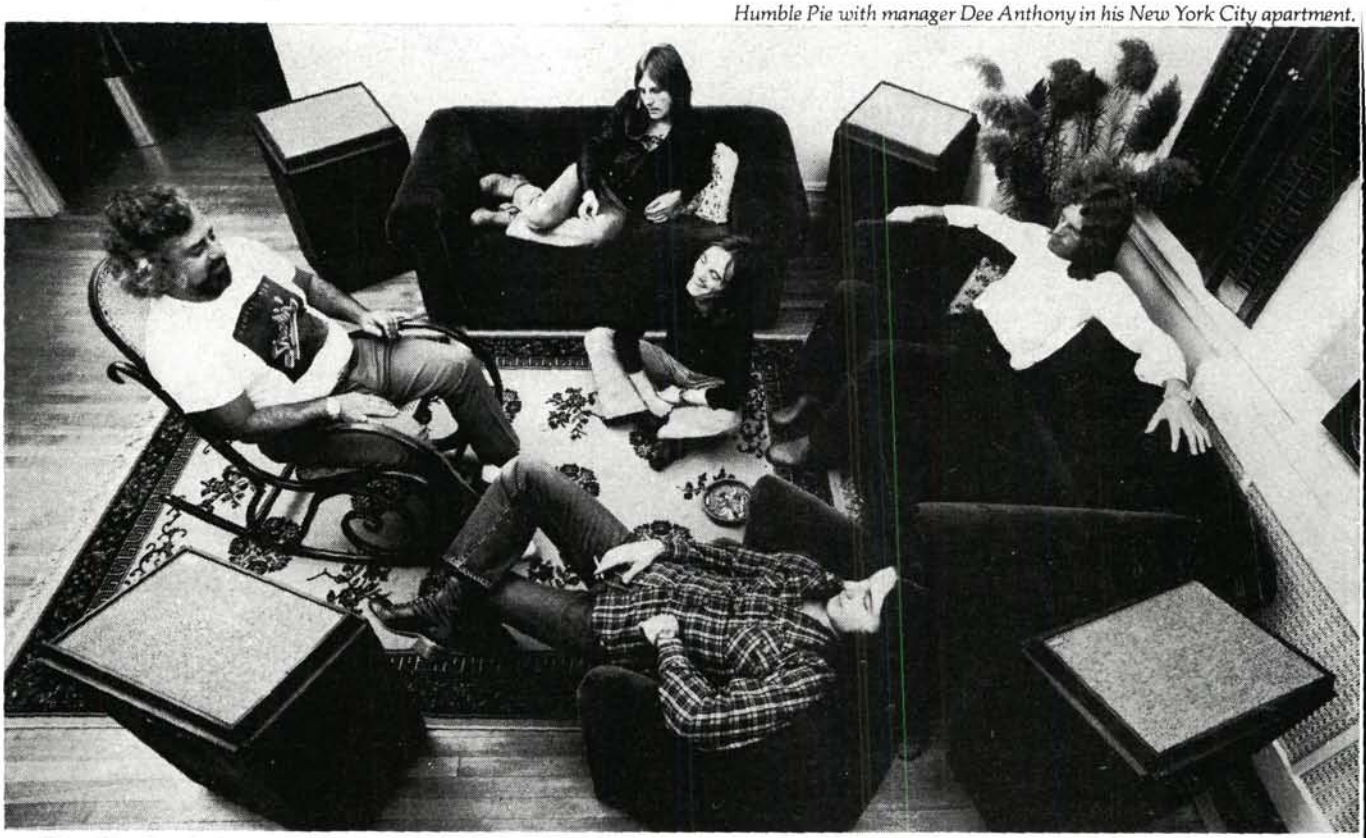
"OUR MANAGER HAS GREAT TASTE IN MUSIC"

—he's got us: Humble Pie. And a Harman/Kardon 150+.

Humble Pie with manager Dee Anthony in his New York City apartment.



Humble Pie did not earn their reputation by making humble music. They make some of the wildest sounds you can hear today, and the 150+ makes sure you hear every one of them.

The Harman/Kardon 150+ *Multichannel* receiver can get more out of a single note of music in mono, stereo or quadraphonic than any other receiver at the price.

It can reproduce Humble Pie the way they sound in a live performance because its circuitry is based on the same principles as the Harman/Kardon Citation amplifiers used by rock groups in live performances.

Some of the music Humble Pie makes will not only blow your mind, it will blow you out of the room.

The 150+ is the most powerful receiver we build. (70 RMS watts per channel in the stereo mode; 30 RMS watts per channel in the *Multichannel* mode.)

And it can put out that power with little or no distortion because its ultra-wideband power amplifier and preamplifier stages give near-perfect phase linearity from 1 Hertz to beyond 75kHz.

And because the 150+ is *Multichannel*, you can do more with it than any receiver you've ever heard.

If you have an extra set of speakers you can hook them up to the 150+ and create a separate stereo system in another room and play two different programs. Each with its own tone controls.

Plus you can use it as a quadraphonic receiver. The 150+ has four separate amplifiers to play your records and tapes through four separate speakers.

Put all your speakers in one room and you have the most advanced music system available.

The 150+ has a unique phasing circuit that takes regular stereo and reproduces it as "enhanced stereo." And when you begin to buy four-channel records, the 150+ is ready to play them.

The 150+ is also the first receiver with an FM tuner that can tell the difference between music and noise.

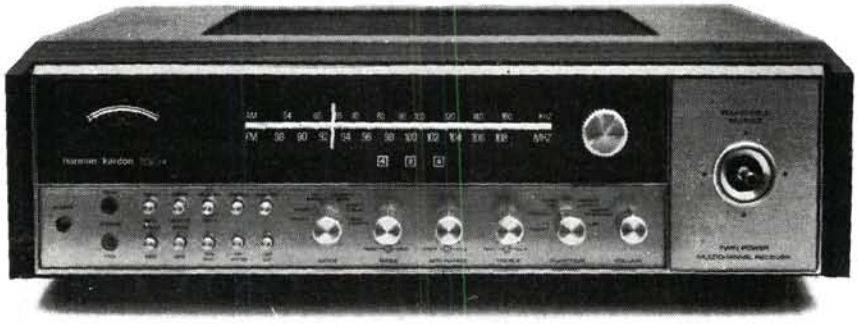
It has a "quieting" meter (patent pending) that tells you exactly how much noise is accompanying the music you're listening to and lets you adjust the tuner or antenna to the precise point where noise is at a minimum.

So if you're as fond of Humble Pie as Humble Pie, you can hear them at their best on a Harman/Kardon 150+.

And we say that with all humility.

harman/kardon
the music company

55 Ames Court, Plainview, New York 11803



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Humble Pie records exclusively for A&M Records. Certified Gold Albums: "Performance" and "Smokin'." Latest release, "Lost and Found."

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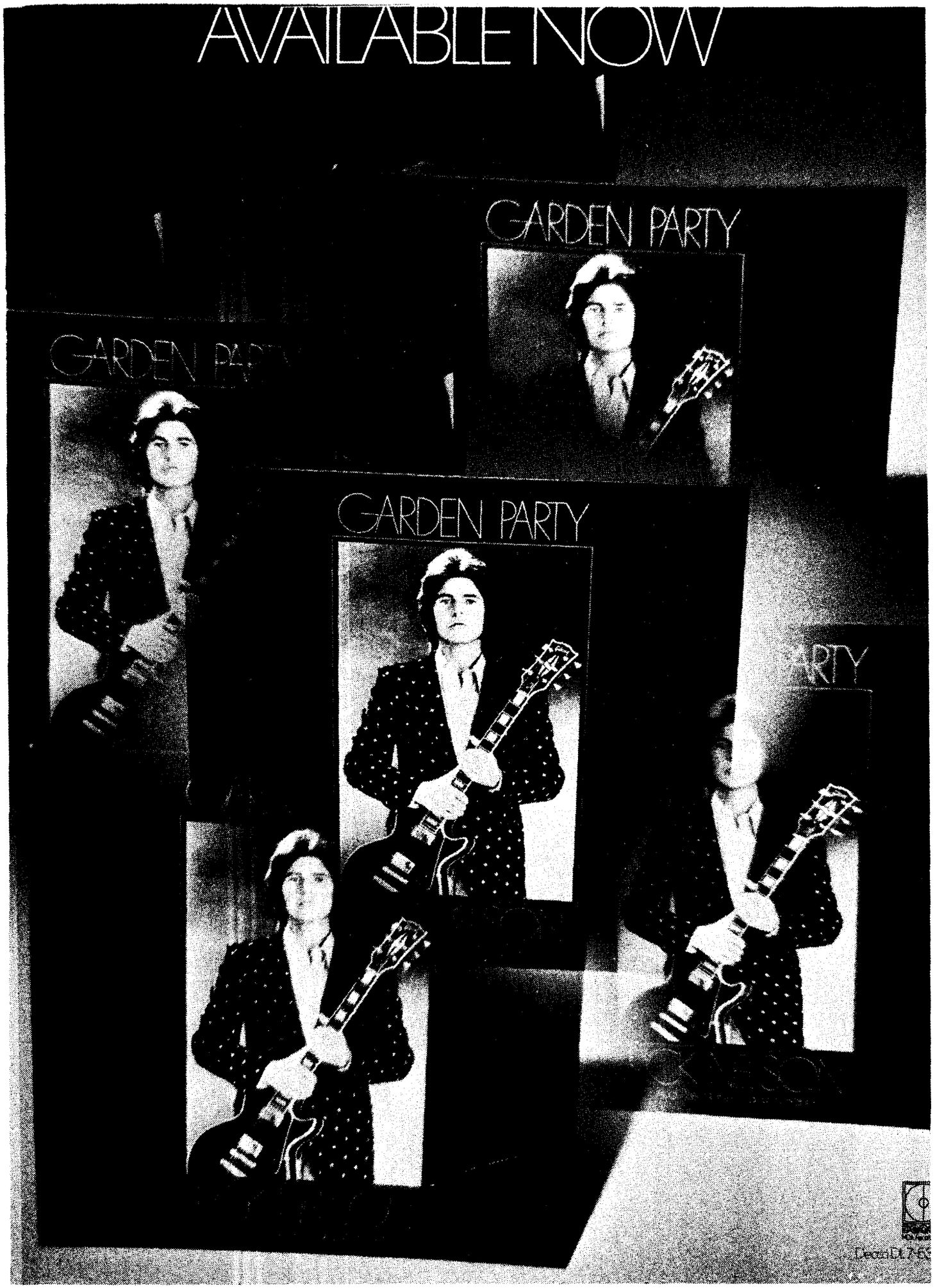

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Leaks *[Page 21]*

Soldier *[Page 27]*

Mideast *[Page 38]*

Stamps *[Page 41]*

Herein:

LETTERS 6

PERSPECTIVE
Who Really Lost the Election? 8
by Bo Burlingham

HARD TIMES
Bury My Heart on the Potomac: Indians at the BIA 10
by Eugene L. Meyer

FOREIGN REPORT
Haiti: Jean-Claude's New Black Magic 16
by Fred Halliday
Six Lessons in Underdevelopment 17
Cartoons by Claudius Ceccon

ESSAYS
Slow Leak in the Pentagon 21
by Terry Pollack
Soldier 27
A Memoir by Anthony B. Herbert with James T. Wooten
Down Those Mean Streets: The Framing of Carlos Feliciano 33
by Jose Yglesias
Niantic 37
A Poem by Ericka Huggins
The Mideast: Dark at the End of the Tunnel 38
by Noam Chomsky
The Radical Philatelist: Robert Fried 41
by Paul Krassner
Fizzle in the Lake 44
by Ngo Vinh Long
Poor Derek's Almanac 48
by Derek Shearer

Ramparts

Vol. 11, No. 7 January 1973

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15 Examples of Psychology Today

SPARE THE ROD USE BEHAVIOR MOD

Instead of spending years searching for the cause of troublesome behavior in a child, argue the behavior modification therapists, why not just change the behavior? There are startling examples of the effectiveness of this approach.

CLAPTRAP ABOUT AGING

Contrary to popular belief, old persons are not necessarily lonely or desolate. Few ever show overt signs of senility. For those who do, psychological and psychiatric treatment is by no means futile.

HOW GROUPTHINK LED TO VIETNAM

In terms of group dynamics, the presidential advisors on Vietnam and other foreign policy disasters were victims of what the author calls "groupthink" —and he describes eight symptoms to watch out for in decision-making.

UNDERSTANDING CHILDREN'S ART

An educator who has collected and studied more than a million pieces of children's art over the past 20 years has made some startling discoveries. Children's scribblings and drawings, she says, contain a voluminous written message which has not yet been completely deciphered.

WHY MANY BRIGHT WOMEN FEAR SUCCESS

Controlled experiments showed that women are about seven times as likely as men to have anxieties about the possibility of successful achievement. "Consciously or unconsciously, the girl equates intellectual achievement with loss of femininity."

THE WIZARD OF OZ AS THERAPIST

The amazing parallels between the story of Oz and the experience of individual therapy. Dorothy is the patient. The Wizard is the therapist who appears first as a monster, then as a fraud, then simply as a good and helpful person.

LEARNING THE VIOLIN AT AGE 4

Psychological secrets of teaching thousands of small Japanese children to play the violin—so beautifully that it moved Pablo Casals to tears.

SUPPOSE YOU WERE HITLER'S ANALYST?

He comes to you because he is troubled by guilt feelings over his ruthless, grandiose plans and asks you to help him get rid of these disturbing feelings. What should you do?

GUILT-EDGED GIVING

Tests in behavioral labs support recent theories that charitable behavior is motivated by guilt and shame. Empathy plays an important part too.

HOW TO QUIT SMOKING

A report on the varying effectiveness of different techniques, including having smoke blown back into your face, doubling your smoking and then stopping, electric shock, and role playing.

WE'RE ALL NON-CONSCIOUS SEXISTS

Proof that nonconscious assumptions about a woman's "natural" talents (or lack of them) are as widespread among women as among men. Identical writings received significantly lower ratings when attributed to female authors.

THE MOBICENTRIC EXECUTIVE

Today's job-hopping executive values motion not because it leads to change but because it IS change. More and more, however, he is the one who reaches the top rather than the plodding insider.

IS THE CROWD REALLY MADDING?

To find out, a researcher studied volunteers in crowded living conditions. The results were not what you might expect.

EMOTIONS IN YOUR FINGERTIPS

The language of emotions leaps all cultural barriers. In every society tested, each person expressed the same emotions with the same movements of finger muscles.

THE IMPORTANCE OF SAVING FACE

When, why, and how do we need to engage in face-saving? Lessons learned in behavioral lab studies can help mediators settle conflicts in negotiations.

You don't have to be a professional psychologist, counselor, or social worker (although many of our readers are) to enjoy Psychology Today. If the examples above turn you on, you are invited to tune in.

Psychological discoveries have progressed as far from Freud's id and Pavlov's salivating dogs as rockets have from kites and balloons. But until now it has been difficult for the well-read layman to keep up.

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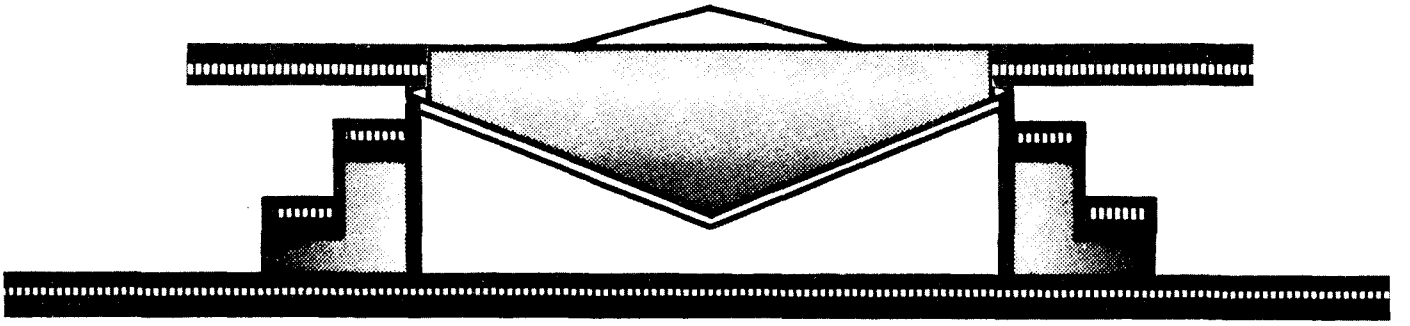

LETTERS

Editors/Regarding your article "U.S. Electronic Espionage: A Memoir" in the August issue, I worked at NSA from August 1966 to May 1969 as a translator in the Indonesian diplomatic section. The director at the time I was there was Lt. Gen. Marshall Carter, who has since been replaced by another general grade officer.

An aid to decoding messages (sometimes) were documents called helices (s. Helix) which were copies of messages actually sent. Everyone presumed these came from the CIA, but nobody really said.

Much of the information was rather routine, but occasionally we'd find out something like that the PUEBLO was seized by the Koreans because the Russians wanted to get a look at one of our intelligence ships, or that Russia probably would attack Czechoslovakia, or that Cuba wanted to send volunteers to Cambodia.

Quite near the end of the Aleutian Islands is a treeless piece of rock called Chemya. On it is an intercept site manned mostly by members of the Army Security Agency (ASA). During the holidays, Russian submarines have been known to begin transmissions on the exact frequency a friend of mine was monitoring, greet him by name and know the name of his relief and the time at which he would be relieved. Interesting, huh?

On the bright side, NSA does and has for many years recycled their paper, which I suppose shows that everything has at least one good side.

Name withheld.

Editors/I am quite amazed at your action to recall the 10th Anniversary Edition of RAMPARTS. For years, I have enjoyed your honesty and your willingness to print all, even that which "isn't fit to print." However, I understand that you have "knuckled-under"–is this correct?–to AT&T's western subsidiary, PTC, by making the gesture to recall that edition. What has happened to your integrity and your willingness to uphold a free, unhampered unintimidated press?

Anyhow, the piece makes wonderful reading and would be an invaluable conversation piece for anybody's mantel piece.

–Joe Helleher
Arkadelphia, Arkansas

Pacific Telephone threatened not only to sue RAMPARTS but also to take legal action against all news dealers, distributors, indeed anyone who had any part in that edition. After consultations with these people, we pulled back on newsstand distribution. Somewhere between 50,000 and 60,000 were mailed to our subscribers. How many grace living room mantels we don't know.–Eds.

Editors/More than The War–about which we can do little, having reached a threshold of tolerable terror beyond which the human brain refuses to accept emotional charge–and more than the corruption in public office and even more than the horrendous crimes committed against the Earth itself . . . the condition of life in this country that becomes more debased daily should become RAMPARTS' main concern. I take this striking-back at the octopoidal AT&T a good starting place, and commend you in your efforts. Go an' git'm!

–Harlan Ellison
Sherman Oaks, California

[LETTERS NOT RECEIVED]

MEMORANDUM

To: Everyone at RAND
From: J. R. Goldstein

We understand that there may be a press conference in front of the East Lobby this morning at about 9:00, hosted jointly by Ramparts Magazine and Anthony Russo. If that occurs, I would appreciate it if you would go about your normal activities and avoid gathering either in the lobbies or at office windows. Since this is not a Rand press conference, I would like to limit our participation to a member of my staff who will act as an observer.

Goody

Editors/Just a small item to add to your dossier on the phone company. My phone just rang: it was a Mrs. Windham, who was calling to inquire when I intended to pay my bill for this month. I was taken aback, having sent the check, as I regularly do, well within their billing date. It seems that the company has "noticed" that the tolls were higher than usual on my bill this month, and so the company felt compelled to check whether I intended to pay as usual. The insulting implications of this inquiry aside, the careful and regular surveillance implied by this phone call shocked me–although God knows, at this point in time, to be shocked at the phone company's behavior is to be woefully naive.

–Hester Eisenstein
Columbia University
New York, N.Y.

Editors/I have long been a reader of RAMPARTS but I was rather shocked and dismayed when I saw your how-to-mess-up-the-phone-company issue in a public library (where I usually read RAMPARTS, being on the poor side). Harrisburg Public Library, to be exact. I was bothered by your encouraging people to steal. I was amazed how you could preach ethics every issue and then do this. All of us, and especially people involved in issues and action, need communication to function; ergo, no communication, no functioning, no issues to be bought. But, I thought to myself, perhaps the ethical RAMPARTS has a good explanation, so stay cool.

–A. M. Kohn
Baltimore, Md.

RAMPARTS does not advocate stealing from AT&T just as AT&T does not advocate stealing from the public.–Eds.

(Continued on Page 56)

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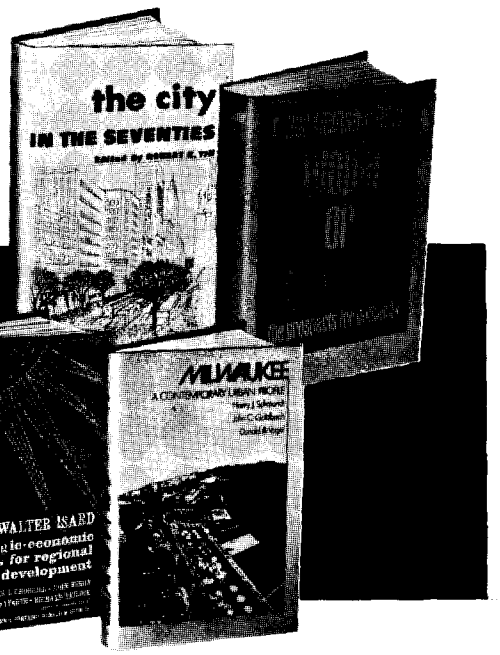

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60170. MANAGING LARGE SYSTEMS: Organizations for the Future. *Leonard R. Sayles and Margaret K. Chandler.* The new managerial attitudes and methods essential for the emerging organizational systems — where change and uncertainty are the only constants and traditional executive practice is often as obsolete as the abacus. **$14.95**

38070. CITY CLASSIFICATION HANDBOOK. *Edited by Brian J. L. Berry.* Sixteen experts explain and develop revolutionary new methods for "measurements" of the city's needs, progress, characteristics. An important and long-needed planning tool. *Counts as 2 of your 3 books.* **$19.95**

74250. RITES OF WAY. *Alan Lupo, Frank Colcord, Edmund P. Fowler.* Probes into the new politics of transportation — including grass-roots protest against the highway explosion, an analysis of the bias of "transportation technicians," plus a thoughtful comparison of seven cities and their experience. **$7.95**

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62650. MILWAUKEE. *Henry J. Schmandt, John C. Goldbach and Donald B. Vogel.* A city of tradition, now in transition, faces changes in community power, together with the race, housing and cost problems facing larger communities. An astute look at the trends, solutions and futures confronting all American cities. **$10.00**

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WHO REALLY LOST THE ELECTION?

by bo burlingham

IT WAS AN ILL WIND NAMED NIXON that blew across the land on November 7, leaving behind it the wreckage of lingering dreams that, at heart, we Americans are a compassionate people. In the long run, such a wind can bring no one any good, but ironically it may have helped to dispel some of the smoggy illusions we have harbored about this country.

In the initial post-mortems, most of the pundits have concentrated on the electorate's negative reaction to McGovern and his program. Few have pointed out the other side of the coin: that more than 60 percent of the voters cast their ballots for racism, criminality in government, a draconian approach to social malaise, and a continued global imperium. The sensibilities of Americans–stretched to their limits in the 1960s–have now snapped back with a mean and reactionary vengeance. And so we face four more years, which only increases the need for a disloyal opposition.

There were lessons in the returns. The election did offer a choice to the country. Nixon at his best and McGovern at his worst still posed fundamentally different agendas for America–the one repressive, corrupt, and lily-white; the other experimental, essentially peaceful and open to all races. McGovern's was a program of the 1960s–the vision of a more compassionate country matured in Nixon's exile. But the program came forward too late. The country was in no mood for it, no longer had even the flickering sense of guilt that might once have made it listen. McGovern's mistake was to take the occasional idealism of the past decade more seriously than he should have. He didn't realize that Americans are tired of talking crisis.

Nixon's genius was to allow space for America's fantasies about itself to develop. He presents the promise of an America of the 1950s–a fat country peacefully chewing its cud, a nation where the young don't drop out, where the poor suffer with becoming silence and anyone can grow up to be President; a strong country whose terrible swift sword is feared by other nations. His response to the 1960s was a simple one–to pretend that it had all been a bad dream and to turn back the clock by a sheer act of will. It was apparently what people wanted to hear.

In the end, the specific issues of the campaign didn't count for much. An analysis of pre-election polls shows the extent and depth of the neurosis sweeping America. According to the *Time*/Yankelovich poll of October 2, for example, the electorate viewed Nixon by significant margins as "the real peace candidate," the true friend of "the little man," and the candidate "most likely to have an open and trustworthy Administration." Incredibly, 42 percent saw Nixon as best able to deal with minorities, against 31 percent for McGovern. Even *Time* was moved to comment, "This makes little empirical sense."

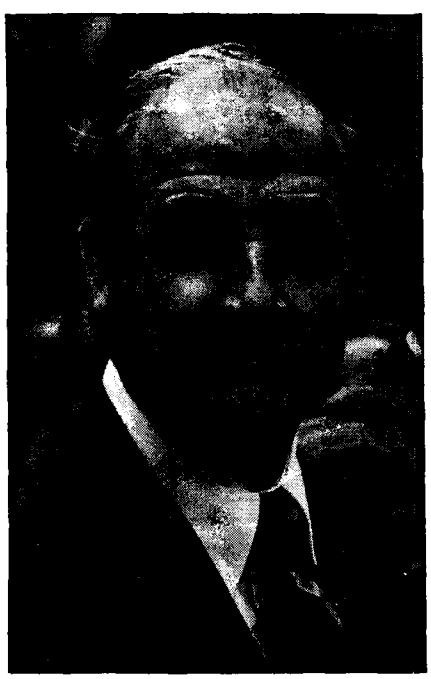

PHOTO BY ROGER LUBIN/JEROBOAM

The results do not, in fact, make any sense at all. If the campaign and its attendant scandals proved nothing else, they showed the Administration racked with corruption, back scratching, and deals made with big business at the expense of the "little man." For Americans to turn their backs on this sordid drama amounted to a pathological act. It was a turning away from the rational principles that ought to determine what political interests are. It was a signal that people are now of a mind to deal on a more subliminal level–through the code that Nixon, more than any other contemporary politician, has mastered: law and order, quality education, peace with honor.

In some sense, racism lay at the bottom of the election returns, although it was scarcely mentioned in the campaign. It imbued the Nixon campaign effort, as witnessed by a memo prepared by a Spanish-speaking member of the Committee to Re-elect the President. According to the report in the *New York Times* (November 4, 1972), the memo described New York City's Puerto Ricans as "an uneducated, apolitical audience addicted to media" which "could be drenched with simple slogans" and thereby be turned against McGovern.

The latter, significantly, never saw fit to raise the question of racism. His game plan instead called for "appeals to the best instincts of Americans" without confronting their worst ones. In fact, the McGovern campaign was built on an illusion of the essential goodness of America. According to this view, middle America has been

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bamboozled into conservatism at the hands of power-brokers and fat cats, but remains "populist" at heart. (Paradoxically, this illusion—that America is a "good" country—parallels the one projected with knowing smarm by Nixon, who astutely understood the limits of "goodness" and played them for what they were worth.) McGovern believed that Americans had material self-interest in supporting his programs and that, in additon, many would respond to his moral appeals. He did not reckon with irrational fear and paranoia. Nor did he appreciate the extent to which—over the course of two centuries—the notions of conquest, manifest destiny, and racial superiority have been welded into the American character.

So wishful was his analysis that he was willing to disband his primary campaign organizations and to place his candidacy in the hands of organization Democrats who actually had a stake in his defeat. This turned out to be the meat of his trumpeted reconciliation with Daley, Johnson, and party bosses around the country. In California, Illinois, Texas, Ohio, New York, and elsewhere he closed down offices out of which he had run his primary drive; he transferred key aides to different parts of the country and brought in new leadership; he began to work through organizations which had not only opposed his nomination but which on some level would view his victory as a disaster, threatening traditional control of the party. It was a go-for-broke, all-or-nothing strategy in which McGovern cut off the possibility of losing electorally but scoring a moral (and a long-term political) victory. In the end, he was just another defeated politician.

Not that the usual precinct work did not go on, but the situation called for basic political organizing—the kind that could use the momentum of the election to get started and then carry on beyond election day, working through structures established in place of, or alongside, the traditional party organizations.

In the absence of such a plan to organize what would amount to a new Democratic Party, McGovern was left to compete in the national political spotlight. He became a crusader without a crusade. Worse, he became a reformer without reforms. (What program for change could ever succeed if it depended for its success on, say, Mayor Daley of Chicago?)

Under the circumstances he emerged as a Bible-thumping weakling. A traditional Presidential race, after all, is a contest of strength, and the winner demonstrates that he can best handle those "awesome burdens of the Presidency" so far beyond the comprehension of the average citizen. If he had honestly attempted to reorient presidential politics, to develop a plan for returning power to the people, McGovern's candor—his willingness to admit mistakes and change his mind—might have been turned to his advantage. Instead he appeared flabby and indecisive. Nixon, for his part, played the role of the statesman above politics. Evidence might come to light of heinous crimes for which he was directly accountable, but nothing could shake his image of strength and competence.

To be sure, the President could not have risen to such eminence without his foreign policy successes, for which McGovern is hardly to blame. Had the Soviet Union and China met Nixon's challenge last May—by redoubling their support to Vietnam and isolating the United States diplomatically—no amount of duplicity could have masked his failure to end the war. But instead his ploy worked—more than worked: the Russians did everything

on Nixon's behalf but supply bugging equipment to the Committee to Reelect the President. And so Nixon, not McGovern, emerged in the popular eye as the man of peace.

Under these circumstances, McGovern might not have been able to avoid a defeat, but he could have established an organizational base from which we might build a serious counter-force to the Nixon-Agnew-Wallace plan for the 1970's. As it is, he does not even have a firm grip on the Democratic Party, and, while this is being written, the likes of George Meany and Henry Jackson are moving in for the kill.

Still, it was not wrong for us to cast in our lot with McGovern, and we ought not regret it. Wish as we might that he had lived up to the promise of his primary drive, even a back-pedaling, conciliatory McGovern offered better hope for a just solution to the Vietnam War than Nixon. Now it remains for the disloyal opposition to do on its own what the McGovern campaign failed to do. Two points are worth noting. First, 45 percent of the eligible voters did not bother to vote—an important indicator of McGovern's failure. Second, the President's victory was, after all, built on an illusion. The 1960s was *not* a bad dream. The malcontents will *not* go away, and this country can*not* be violently wrenched back into a Norman Rockwell fantasy. The San Francisco Black Caucus said it in a post-election release. The Nixon landslide, it warned, "signals the beginning of the most bitter internal conflict this country has yet to see. It proves that the goals and ideals that this country was supposedly founded upon were and are but a sham and that the fears and paranoia of whites in this country . . . take definite priority over the welfare and education of black children, over jobs for black parents, and over [reform of] one of the most discriminatory, lopsided, unjust, so-called law systems to be found anywhere in the world. . . . To those of us who are black in both mind and body, we know that we will not give in to the dispassionate contempt of the Nixon administration for its black and non-white people. We will only fight harder."

And at Southern University, the students took over a building. . . . ○

PHOTO BY HANK LEBO/JEROBOAM

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indians at the b. i. a.

BURY MY HEART ON THE POTOMAC

by eugene l. meyer

I pledge allegiance to the United Tribes of America and to our Heritage for which we stand. In one Nation under Wanka Tonka in the Sea of White, We Will Remain Red for Ever!
(Seen on the back of an Army jacket worn by a Sioux from Fort Peck, Montana)

Wanka Tonka—Our Great Spirit in Sioux—must have been watching over the 850 American Indians who occupied the Bureau of Indian Affairs for seven days in November. They had come in peace to discuss grievances with the federal bureaucracy. But by the time they left, they had brought an institution of government to a complete standstill and left it a shambles. A year and a half earlier, May Day protestors had come to Washington with precisely that purpose in mind and had been met with mass arrests and the suspension of police rules. The Indians, however, emerged from their confrontation virtually unscathed, no busts and no heads busted, and allowed to leave the building and the city under a signed "recommendation" for amnesty from the same White House that had taken such a hard line on May Day 1971.

Eugene L. Meyer is a reporter for the Washington Post *and has written for the* New Leader *and the* Columbia Journal and Review. *He has contributed a chapter to* The Federal Social Dollar *in its Own Backyard, (Bureau of National Affairs).*

IT STARTS OUT AS A CARAVAN, along the Trail of Broken Treaties, they said. Led by the American Indian Movement, they come to Washington strictly on business, for negotiations with the Indian desks of the various federal bureaucracies. They do not come for confrontation.

But once in Washington they run into unexpected roadblocks. Army officials deny them permission for religious services at Arlington National Cemetery. Then, they have no place to stay except the All Souls Church in the heart of Washington's ghetto. Finally, they decide to take up temporary residence in the Bureau of Indian Affairs, a few blocks from the White House. Housing has become the issue.

At first, they simply want to arrange accommodations, but even while their representatives are working out an agreement with federal authorities, a battle erupts between BIA guards and young Indians. As word of the fight spreads, the occupiers of the BIA begin to barricade the building with furniture, lockers, and machinery. The

Caravan reaches the BIA

next day the Indians prepare to abandon the building in favor of the General Services Administration auditorium, but they find the auditorium locked and so they hold fast to the BIA.

By the third day, November 4, the BIA has become *the* focal point for all kinds of non-Indian activists. It is a throwback to the 1960s. Even Stokely Carmichael, recently returned from Africa, comes to offer support. Local D.C. radicals pass out literature.

By coincidence, Rev. Carl McIntire, the conservative radio preacher, is in town with his followers for a Capitol-steps rally backing Thieu. But first, he goes to the BIA, where he winds up listening to Stokely. "I heard a revo-o-lu-tion-ary speech!" he tells his rally.

"I think it's time," McIntire says, "that we went over to the Indians ourselves and said you are Americans, let's not follow the Commie line. Would you like to see the Indians?"

Like a fifth grade class that has been asked if it wants to see the zoo animals, McIntire's two hundred respond enthusiastically. "Tell them if they're real good, we'll give them the country back," one woman says.

Singing "Onward Christian Soldiers," the McIntire people are bused to the BIA where they march back and forth on the sidewalk. "Yes, we have a message for our Indian friends," McIntire says through a bull-horn. "All right, you Indians, we're here to give you some greetings. I want you to have your rights. Cheerio, cheerio. All right, you Indians, wave from the windows."

The Indian leadership approaches McIntire on the sidewalk and brings him onto the lawn, where McIntire gives his qualified support. "Mr. McIntire, we're asking you to leave these grounds," Dennis Banks, a national field director of AIM, says. "If you have any Christian blood," he suggests that McIntire march to the nearby

PHOTOS BY JIM DOMKE

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Interior Department and demand that Secretary Rogers C. B. Morton release Indian Commissioner Louis Bruce, who they say is being confined there for his apparent sympathy for the Caravan. But McIntire gets all confused, and he and his supporters go to Interior shouting, "Morton! Morton come down! We want Morton freed!"

●

Inside the BIA, reporters mill around, mostly together. Things are relatively loose, but it's not, as the newspaper cliche says, a carnival-type atmosphere. There is little physical damage so far. What is evident, and impressive, is how organized the Indians are. There are signs posted: Nursery, Room 236. First Aid, Room 140.

General assemblies and religious ceremonies are held in the auditorium. When they are in progress, reporters are kept outside. Many of the Indians won't discuss their religion with an outsider. "Can't tell you about it," a

AIM leader Russell Means: the Bureau changes hands

girl, perhaps 20, says. "White men took everything else from us. We want to keep our religion."

●

Saturday evening, Vernon Bellecourt, an Objibwa from Northern Minnesota and a leader of the Trail of Broken Treaties Caravan, holds a press conference. "There is some damage inside," he says, "but the government figure of $250,000 is a complete lie. . . . It's true in part that the White House received telegrams from various tribal leaders [opposing the occupation]. These are white man's Indians, pawns of the establishment. . . . We're not concerned with these white Indians in a Robert Hall suit and Flagg Brothers shoes."

Sunday is a day of more negotiations and more rumors.

Monday, November 6, breaks the calm. In early afternoon, U.S. District Court Judge John H. Pratt orders U.S. marshals to evict the Indians after 6 p.m. Circumstances beg for the language of judicial restraint, but the judge talks tough. The Indians, he says, "should be put on notice that the government is going to retake the building, and the sooner that they comply with this order, the better off they are going to be."

When word reaches the BIA, a 100-man security line forms in front of the building. Indians brandish makeshift weapons ranging from clubs fashioned from chairs, to table legs turned into spears with spikes embedded at both ends. Many Indians paint their faces with lipstick. Dennis Banks tells onlookers, "I invite all of you to stay and witness the atrocities that are about to happen."

At 7:15 p.m., the Court of Appeals stays the eviction until 9 p.m. Wednesday, but it is too late. The trashing had gotten well underway after word of the earlier decision arrived. Discipline, tightly maintained until then, had collapsed. Russell Means, who founded the AIM in 1969, would say the following day, "We did not come here as a military force to occupy any building whatsoever. We've had problems in security, almost every facet, among ourselves. It is because we're not a disciplined military unit."

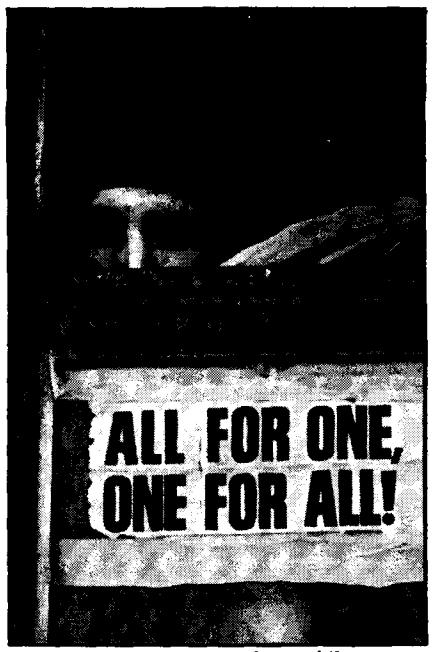
Late Monday, Secretary Morton issues a statement regarding this "small, willful band of malcontents." The statement is reminiscent of Herbert Hoover on the Bonus marchers.

●

Tuesday morning. Election Day. There have been reports of explosives and guns inside the Indian-occupied BIA, and also of a developing kamikaze mentality.

"If we go, it goes," says Jim Deer, a twenty-year-old Mohawk from Montreal, looking at the building. Deer has been guarding the building all night, and is shivering on the front steps. He says the Indians have weapons—"anything we could get our hands on." Tape covers the glass windows and doors, "to protect us in case they throw rocks."

Security is being tightened. A heavy-set Cheyenne from Montana strings some wire cable from the first floor windows nearly down to Constitution Avenue, roping off much of the front lawn. "We had one guy sneak in with a tape recorder yesterday. No one questioned him or nothing," he says.



On the inside . . . for a while

No reporters are allowed inside now. "I don't know about explosives," the man said, "but smoking is restricted to the first floor." Later, reporters would learn that molotov cocktails were made and stored, and rugs were soaked in gasoline upstairs at the BIA.

●

Across Constitution Avenue, FBI types slouch in an unmarked car. They are taking pictures, but they never venture outside the car for them.

Nearby, a National Capital Parks policeman, one of a handful around, says, "I tell you, I don't want to be the first through that door. I tell you, I sympathize with their cause but they shouldn't take over the building. Now don't you quote me."

●

As the morning chill and gray sky are replaced by unusually warm weather under blue skies, the tension abates and occasional bits of humor and human warmth creep in.

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Seventh graders from the Fields School, a private school in Washington, visit the scene as part of a class project on Indians. Eric Jackson, twelve, who is black, wanted to know about Indian reservations.

"Is it as bad as the ghetto?" he asks. The Cheyenne replies, "It is just as bad." But then he adds, wistfully:

"You should live in the country. There is fresh air. You grab your gun and go into your backyard and go hunting . . . antelope, rabbits, bear, prairie chickens, pheasants. In the afternoons, you can go fishing."

One Feather, a Sioux from the Pine Ridge reservation, describes herself as "an old cowgirl." She is, in fact, 50, which is young for most Americans or, anyway, middle-aged, but the average Indian life expectancy is 44 years.

She has always wanted to see Washington, she says. "Last night, a white man showed me around. I don't even know his name. I saw the Capitol, the White House, the Kennedy Center. They were great. But why do they spend all that money on buildings? Why not on reservations? Right now, we got to have more schools, but they cut our budget by $50 million."

●

Tuesday afternoon, Russell Means tells a press conference that large quantities of documents have been read and removed from the building. He says they show "scandalous if not criminal" exploitation of Indians by senators, congressmen, BIA officials and corporate interests. He calls it a "major accomplishment" of the occupation. "For all intents and purposes, the BIA is abolished," he says, and he hints strongly that many—if not all—of the Caravan will now leave. "It's a ransom, we know it," Dennis Banks would say of the documents. Having obtained the ransom, the hostage building would soon be released.

●

Wednesday morning, and only 350 Indians remain in the building. Like union leaders, the negotiating team had brought back a package on Tuesday, consisting mainly of a new government task force. But unlike union negotiators, they need a unanimous vote. They don't get it until Wednesday, after the White House agrees to action on specific educational issues, and signs a "recommendation" for amnesty.

"I do not apologize. . . ."

●

In the early afternoon, Dennis Banks tells reporters, "We are the Bureau. We physically and literally are in control of the Bureau. By 9 p.m. tonight, you won't find a non-BIA Indian in this place. For all practical purposes, we have destroyed the BIA."

●

Claudia Nawoosky is head of Indian affairs at the Smithsonian, which has lent the protesters a symbolic tepee to be erected on the lawn of the BIA. She is an Indian sympathetic to the militants, but she also has ties to the establishment.

"So much has been happening so rapidly and so little has been happening so slowly," she says outside the BIA. "It's been coming. We tasted it at Alcatraz, and we all damned that effort, the Indian community particularly said it was just a bunch of radical Indians."

●

Towards the end, Indians are carrying out paintings and artifacts. (Officials later estimate the value of the missing art at $750,000.) No effort is made by police to stop them. And there is, in typical tourist fashion, picture taking with Polaroid cameras, on the BIA steps.

●

Around 4 p.m. on Wednesday, November 8, Russell Means emerged from the building to talk to reporters, who had been waiting outside. From the building, there could be heard the sound of breaking glass. "Get upstairs and tell those guys to cool it," Means told a security guard.

Then he talked about what it was like inside the building. "Everything was kept as neat as possible until the District Court ultimatum Monday. Then there was some destruction. It is the feeling of some of the youth that the destruction doesn't mean a damn thing because the bureau doesn't mean a damn thing." He said a sign inside would explain that feeling.

"I do know once you reporters get inside you're going to have a field day. The government and probably the press will paint a bad picture. When you get inside you will find what you are looking for."

The reporters found what they were looking for. The next day, the Washington Post *headlined its main story, "Indians Vacate Offices, Building Left A Shambles." The* Washington Star-News *headline, on a sidebar story, said simply, "Indians Wrecked Everything."*

Reporters also found the sign Means had talked about. It was hanging over the entrance to the auditorium of the Native American Embassy (formerly the BIA), and it amounted to a benediction for the Trail of Broken Treaties Caravan and the Native American Embassy. It said:

"Gentlemen: I do not apologize for the ruin nor the so-called destruction of this mausoleum. For in building anew, one must first destroy the old. This is the beginning of a new era for the North American native people. When history recalls our efforts here, our descendants will stand with pride, knowing their people were the only ones responsible for the stand taken against tyranny, injustice and the gross inefficiencies of this branch of a corrupt and decadent government." ○

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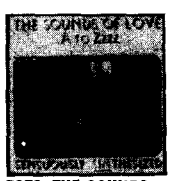

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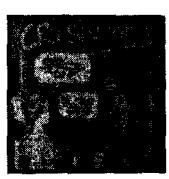

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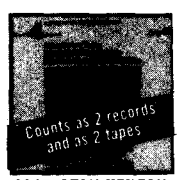

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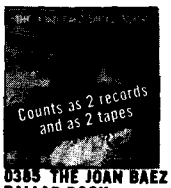

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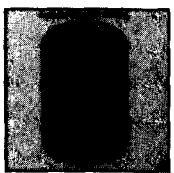

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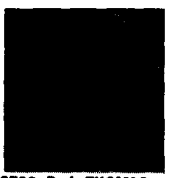

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apres papa doc

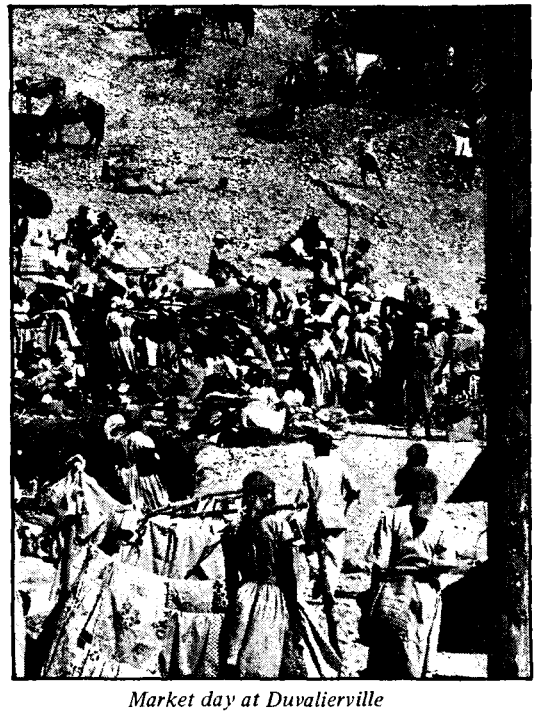
JEAN-CLAUDE'S NEW BLACK MAGIC

by fred halliday

AN HOUR AND A HALF OUT OF MIAMI the Pan Am 727 flinches east to avoid Cuba's Oriente Province and begins its descent to Port-au-Prince. Easing down over densely green tropical mountains, for which the Arawak Indian name of *Haiti* was given to this land, the jet cruises across Port-au-Prince Bay and over the first landmarks of the "Duvalier Revolution." Off one wing squats the country's only cement factory, French-owned and currently implicated in a stockpiling scandal after failing to meet more than a third of the country's needs. Up the coast a ways is a strip of Ibo Beach, a tourist center controlled by Minister of the Interior Luckner Cambronne, a military strongman who also happens to run the country's taxi system and Air Haiti. And just before landing, the empty town of Duvalierville comes into view. It was a prestige project begun in the early 1960's but never completed. Today it lies empty, as jungle growth reclaims the land.

The airport itself identifies this small family empire. Aswarm with security men in dark glasses, packing sidearms, Francois Duvalier International Airport is the only one of two major projects to have been successfully completed under Papa Doc. And, like other nooks, alleyways and facades in this petite island fiefdom, the airport has its own tale of corruption to tell. Most of the financing came from the U.S. in 1962 as a kind of gratuitous kickback for Haiti's support in the expulsion of Cuba from the Organization of American States at Punta del Este. Haiti supplied the one ballot the U.S. needed to obtain a majority vote against Cuba.

On the drive in from the airport it soon becomes clear that there is hardly a pothole-free road in the country; it is impossible to see how the present ruler, Jean-Claude Duvalier, could have gotten his reputation as a fast car enthusiast unless he drove on the airport runways. The capital itself, now holding around 500,000 people, consists mainly of two to four story buildings dating from 30 or more years ago. The main street, La Rue Jean-Jacques Dessalines, runs for a couple of pock-marked miles, and in between it and the sea lie slums and markets where thousands of people, animals, rats, horses, and donkeys live and sleep with no street lighting, no clean water, no sanitation, and streets awash with flood water, mud and garbage. The pride of the post-war American aid effort, the Boulevard Harry Truman, is in such a rotten, gutted state that only one of its two carriage ways is open. Cars lurching along this surviving trace rarely exceed 10 mph.



Market day at Duvalierville

Up in the hills behind Port-au-Prince is the town of Petionville. There the rich live in luxurious white villas, the National Art Gallery is located in the former home of a slain Duvalier opponent, and the hotel rooms for foreign tourists rent up to $150 a day. For foreign visitors the major "attractions" are the beaches north and south of the capital; fake-folklore voodoo and nightclubs; the two-day trip to the Citadel at Cap Haitien; and the mahogany carvings and peasant paintings being yanked out by "native" artists. So poor is the country that almost everyone begs for money, and prostitution of every sex and variety is a major tourism industry. In the main street of the capital, tongue-clucking women grab the visiting tourist's hand with shouts of "$5—I am very clean." Young men may judge the visitor to be a *masisi* (pederast) and whisk him away to see "friends" in one of the many gay brothels in town.

There are only two large buildings in Port-au-Prince: the Catholic Cathedral and the Presidential Palace. The Palace is flanked by the Francois Duvalier Barracks (for Tontons) and the Dessalines Barracks (for the presidential guard and sections of the army). An anti-aircraft gun sits in the middle of the president's front lawn. Tourists naive enough to sit on the park benches opposite the yellow walls of the Dessalines are liable to arrest. And under Papa Doc most of the country's ammunition was stored in the basement of the palace to safeguard it from falling into the hands of dissident army men. Police stations and bars, like most other public places in Port-au-Prince, display an odd equation printed in day-glo paint on paper banners: *"Duvalier = Peligre = Lumiere."* Lumiere, in French, means light. Duvalier is the family that has ruled the country since 1957. Peligre is the name of a dam project finally opened in 1971 after years of delay. It is the pride of the regime and will allegedly provide water for irrigating the populous Artibonite Valley and electricity for the industrialization process which is supposed to take place. Despite the semi-mystical claims of the regime's equation, however, the dam is in serious trouble. It has stopped the capital's nightly blackouts, but maintenance is nil and none of the dam's waters are used for irrigation.

The new regime that came in with

Fred Halliday is an editor of New Left Review *in London.*

PHOTO/WIDE WORLD

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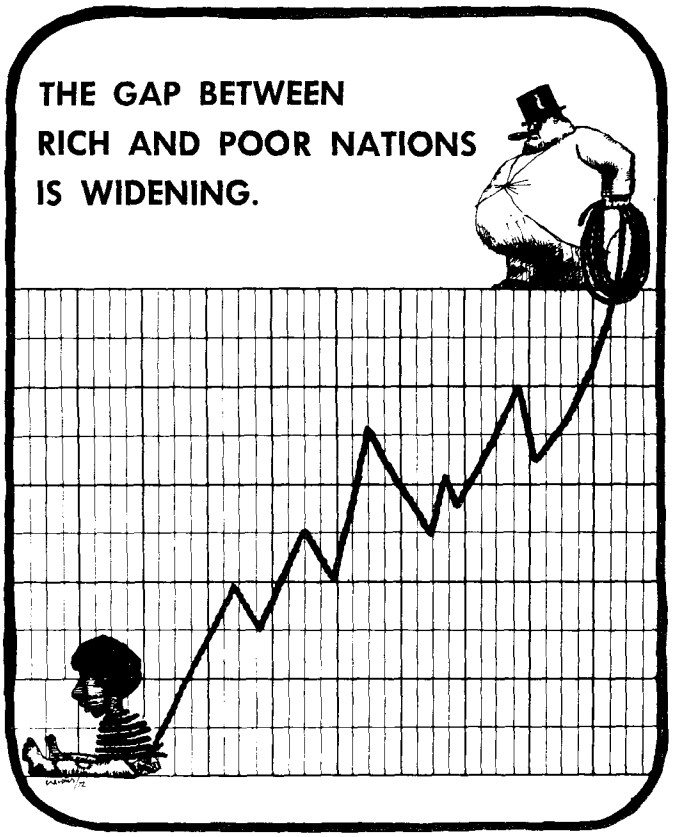
SIX LESSONS IN UNDERDEVELOPMENT

These cartoons come from the pen of Claudius Ceccon, a Brazilian exile living in Geneva, Switzerland. They are drawn from a series entitled "Aid, Trade, and Development." Claudius, an architect by training, worked in Brazil as an editor of the satirical weekly *Pasquim* until 1968 when political circumstances forced him to leave the country. For a time thereafter he served as the communications secretary of the World Student Christian Association, before joining the Institute for Cultural Action in Geneva. He now carries on his work there with Paulo Freire, the Brazilian educator and author of *Pedagogy of the Oppressed,* among others. His work as a cartoonist is part of a *genre* which enjoys wide popularity in Latin America—namely, comic strip political propaganda. Though less well-known than other practitioners of the art, such as Mexico's "Ruis," he has earned the hostility of the Brazilian dictatorship, and would face jail and torture if he returned to Brazil.



the Doc's death in April 1971 has in no way tried to suppress his memory. Many public buildings are named after him. His tomb in the city's main cemetery—like tombs of other god-like creatures—is guarded by the army and has an eternal flame. Everywhere there is the special official photograph originally handed out in January 1971 when the Doc announced that he would be succeeded by his son. That was when he ordered the constitution changed to allow twenty-year-olds to qualify for the Presidency. In the picture a stilted young Jean-Claude sits in the presidential chair with a frail Papa Doc behind, the old man's hand resting on Jean-Claude's shoulder. "This is the young man I have promised you," it reads, "full of energy and life. May God preserve him." It symbolizes the legitimacy of the succession. Older Haitians remember a similar poster distributed by the Doc earlier in his regime. At that time, the Doc himself was in the chair. Standing behind, not so frail but with his hand firmly on Papa Doc's shoulder, was Jesus Christ.

Jean-Claude is reputed to be firmly controlled by his mother, "la Venerable Mere Mme. Simone Duvalier." Rumour has it that she will not allow Jean-Claude to marry because she would then cease to be Haiti's first lady. Taking cues from his deceased father, Jean-Claude has taken to affecting an inflated French rhetoric and has already declared himself to be Haiti's eighth president for life. Referring to his father as "Titan," Jean-Claude sees himself as "formed in the school of this integral Haitian, a political heir of this statesman unequalled in the annals of our history."

According to Jean-Claude, the country is now in the second decade of the "Duvalier Revolution." But whereas Papa carried out the *political* revolution, Jean-Claude will effect the *economic* revolution. Everyone knows what the Doc's political revolution was: the systematic jailing, purging and killing of all his opponents. Papa ruled through his 5,000-man army and the more numerous Tontons. The economic state of the country speaks for itself. Only 100,000 of the country's 4.5 million people are fully employed. With a 1971 GNP of $375 million, average annual earnings per capita were $70, by far the lowest in the Western Hemisphere, and with Chad, Dahomey and Bhutan, one of the lowest in the world. Average wages in the relatively prosperous light industries around Port-au-Prince are 70 cents a day. Some 90 percent of the population are illiterate and only 17 percent of school age children now attend school. There are only 250 miles of paved road in the country. Of every 1,000 children born, only 655 live past the first year. Average life expectancy is 32 years.

This extreme poverty worsened under Papa Doc's regime. Export earnings collapsed and even the minimal road and port facilities fell into disrepair. Chief export earners are sugar, controlled by the U.S.-owned Haitian Sugar Company, and coffee. But Haiti is now unable to meet even the 31,000-ton sugar quota for imports to the U.S. A few industries have developed around Port-au-Prince, making some textiles and shoes. Haiti

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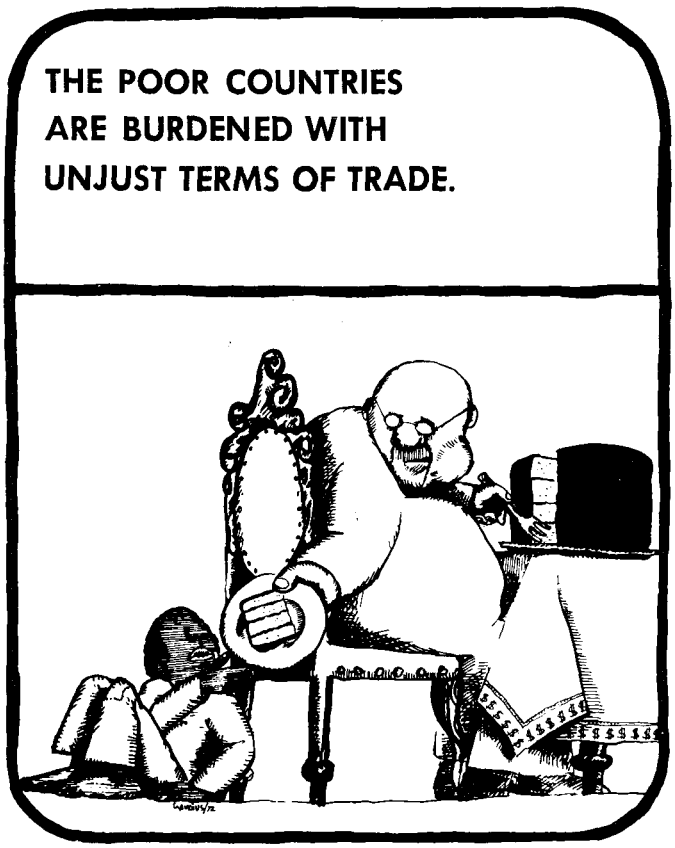

also manufactures baseballs for export, but the Haitians themselves do not play baseball. Nearly everything "needed" by the middle class has to be imported. Even the grass for middle-class lawns is brought in from Miami. And a luxury like gasoline costs 70 cents a gallon. There have been numerous attempts to overthrow this regime but all of them were defeated. Various groups of exiles have invaded the country at least eight times along the common land frontier with the Dominican Republic. Most of the invasions occurred during the liberal interlude between the liquidation of Trujillo in 1961 and the U.S. invasion in 1965. Within Haiti itself, other Papa Doc opponents–like the first Tonton head, Clement Barbot–were gunned down after a series of faulty putsches. Thus the Doc built up an air of invincibility around himself. Once, he ordered the severed head of a slain enemy brought to his office and told people that he had spent several hours interrogating the head about other people involved in the conspiracy. Eventually, most of his opponents–liberals, socialists, and supporters of ex-President Magloire–fled to the U.S. There are, for example, 70,000 Haitians in New York City.

The Haitian communist movement, which began in 1934, was factionalized and divided until 1968, when it was able to coalesce around the United Communist Party of Haiti (PUCH in its French initials). PUCH had a solid underground organization – unlike some of the more individualist bands which had tried–and in 1969 began a campaign of guerrilla warfare. However there was an informer in the Central Committee and more than 200 PUCH cadres were slain in the successful Duvalier counter-offensive. A leading Haitian poet, Réné Depestre, born in the southern town of Jacmel in 1926, lives in Havana and broadcasts daily to Haiti in Creole. It is the only communist voice beamed to the island.

Such was the violence of the Doc's regime that even reactionary foreigners saw fit to criticize him. Many saw him as an isolated psychopath who would have been humorous, even camp, except for the blood on his hands. While Duvalier was often referred to as that "little black" tyrant, his son is being derided in the American press as a "portly black" youth. Much of this overly simplified foreign criticism and abuse was profoundly misleading because it missed the two key aspects of Papa Doc: his own historic role within Haiti and his relationship to Yankee imperialism.

Haiti's present squalor can be traced to the end of the great slave revolt of 1791-1804. This threw out the French in the first colonial revolution in the third world and the only successful slave revolt in history. Despite the victory, the revolutionaries were unable to produce a stable post-revolutionary society. Thus, throughout the 19th century, Haiti was the scene of pitched battles between factions of the ruling mulatto elite, an arrogant ten percent minority which ruled the rest of the island's blacks. The heroes of those times are revered today. The names of the four great leaders–Dessalines, Toussaint L'Ouverture, Christophe, Petion–are con-

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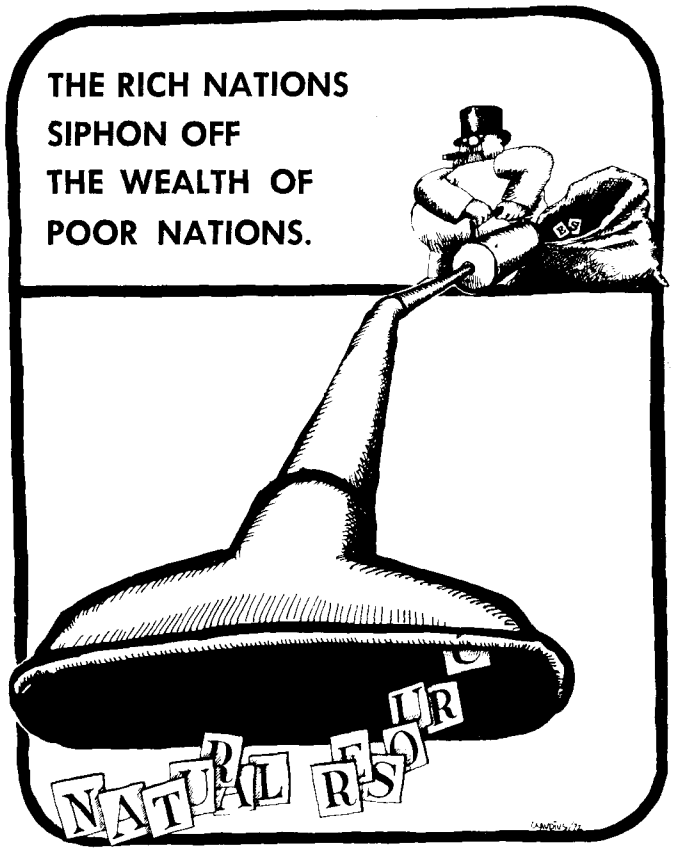

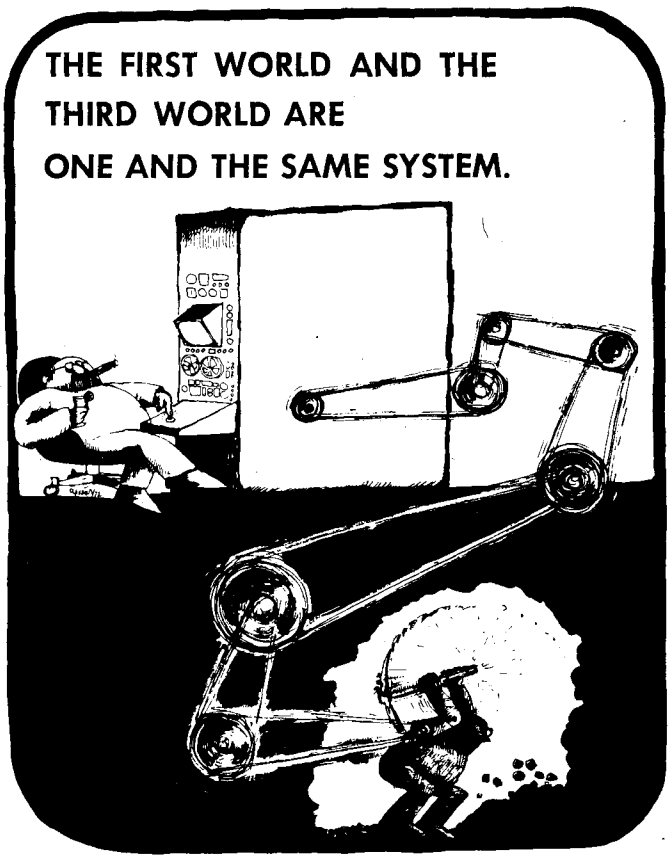

by claudius ceccon

stantly invoked. Opposite the Presidential Palace stands a statue to the runaway slaves, the *marrons,* who harrassed the French in the 18th century. These heroes are invoked by everyone to justify their policies, but no one on the left or right ever goes critically into the weaknesses of the revolutionary past to explain the catastrophic social and economic conditions of the counterrevolutionary present. Forgotten is the fact that imperialism was defeated then, and an independent state was born, and both were corrupted by contemporary neo-colonial political and economic conditions. Papa Doc was simply the culmination of this internal weakness. He didn't happen to be a strongman who came out of nowhere. He used voodoo to mystify the people because voodoo is the popular religion of the Haitian masses. It wasn't new. Many presidents before him used voodoo and today it is still the ideological system by which most Haitians face up to reality. Even the massacres Papa Doc carried out were no more bloody than those of many of his predecessors.

What served to stabilize this kind of regime in Haiti was the advent of U.S. imperialism. Because Haiti was a black republic, the U.S. refused to recognize it for 60 years. And it was not until the early 20th century that the U.S. took an active role in Haitian affairs. After Haiti had been strapped with financial difficulties, U.S. Marines invaded the country and in 1915 seized the Haitian gold reserves. To this day the Haitian *gourde* (worth 20 cents) is tied to the dollar. The U.S. occupation lasted 19 years, until 1934. The period witnessed a spectacular outbreak of opposition by guerrilla peasants, *cacos,* under the leadership of Dominique Peralte. From 1916-19 the northern provinces were the scene of fierce fighting until Peralte was captured by a ruse and shot by U.S. Marine Captain Herman Hannekin. Hannekin was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor for his action and 20 years later traveled throughout the U.S. selling war bonds. The *cacos* continued to fight for another year but several thousand were killed in the counter-insurgency repression and that movement was stilled.

By the time Roosevelt pulled out the Marines in 1934, he had left behind a ruling group that was closely tied economically and politically to the U.S. In the 1940's and 1950's the U.S. Embassy was actively controlling Haitian politics. When Papa Doc came to power in 1957 he asked for even more U.S. "support." Marine "advisors" arrived in 1958 and more than $20 million in "aid" arrived by the end of 1961. Still, even the U.S. was disturbed by Papa Doc's terroristic and repressive policies. The so-called Alliance for Progress was under way and Papa Doc was an "embarrassment" to the hemisphere. The Punta del Este kickback of 1962 seemed to ease U.S. pressures on the Doc, but that was short-lived. Real trouble began in 1963. The Marine advisors departed and so did the ambassador. Aid was cut to $2 million a year and this was tabbed for malaria control. The U.S. began giving covert support to some exiled groups. After aid was cut, in August 1963, Papa Doc made a long speech predicting doom for President

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Kennedy. And in Haiti everyone knew that 22 had always been Papa Doc's lucky number. Along came November 22 and Papa Doc started the rumor that he had dispatched *zombis* to Dallas. By the time the U.S. invaded the Dominican Republic in 1965, Washington looked happily at the "stable" regime in Port-au-Prince.

With Nixon, a new epoch began. Nixon was no stranger to Haiti, having visited there in 1955, heaping praise on the then-tyrant Magloire. Nixon even took to the streets to meet the people. At one corner he held up a young woman riding a donkey loaded with milk containers and talked with her through a government interpreter. Her first Creole reply was "Tell this *cocoyé* to let me go on my way." The interpreter translated this as "She is happy to meet the Vice President of the United States." Nixon then asked her about her family, and the woman said she had no husband and three children, but the interpreter said "She is engaged." Nixon placed a hand on the donkey's rump and asked "What is the donkey's name?" The woman said "He must be crazy. Doesn't he know a donkey when he sees one?"

Nixon has not visited Haiti since becoming President. He sent Nelson Rockefeller instead. The visit was part of a 1969 Latin American tour. In contrast to other countries where he was constantly hounded by angry demonstrators, Rockefeller was cheered by thousands of Haitians whom the Tontons had forced onto the streets. Rockefeller and Papa Doc appeared on the presidential balcony and waved to the assembled crowd. Evidently the era of U.S.-Papa Doc tension was over. Rockefeller said aid could be resumed. A new U.S. ambassador arrived.

In November 1970, Washington secretly lifted the ban on arms exports to Haiti. Export licenses were granted to a Miami arms firm, Aerotrade Ltd., which sold $200,000 worth to a New Orleans firm, which in turn added six 65-foot patrol boats to the deal.

These arms, and the diplomatic friendship Ambassador Clinton Knox created, laid the basis for the smooth post-Papa Doc transition. When old Papa died in April 1971, Knox was summoned to the palace and shown the body. Units of the Atlantic fleet went on alert off the Haitian coast to deter possible exile landings. Despite the expectations, nothing happened. After Papa's death, Haiti tried a face-lifting. Aware of the reputation that the Tontons had, Jean-Claude announced the formation of a new 500-man counterinsurgency force, the Leopards. The arms firm, Aerotrade, supplied advisers, former Marines, to train them. Haitians were encouraged to tell visitors that a new era had begun. Tourism was encouraged and foreign capital was to be brought in—no harrassment, cheap terms, Peligre Dam and so on. All this has turned out to be lies and half-truths, although the U.S. has tried to help the ruling group in Port-au-Prince to think differently. The Tontons are as strong as ever—ask anyone in the street. Some Tontons are supposed to have been purged, but the former chief, Mme. Max Adolphe, is mayor of Port-au-Prince. The press and all political activity are as tightly controlled as ever. Economic development of the country has meant the surrender of more of Haiti to foreign capital and control, something that even Papa Doc's vagaries never encouraged. The 23-mile long island of La Tortue off the north coast has been leased for a secret sum on a 99-year lease to Dupont Carribean Inc., a Miami property firm. It will become a free port and tourism center. In addition, all of Haiti's oil exploration rights, both land and sea, have been granted to Hawaiian oilman Wendell Philipps. It is the first case of such a complete concession ever recorded.

There have been other economic changes. In February 1972, it was revealed that U.S. operators were earning large profits by exporting Haitian blood plasma to the U.S. One of the operators remarked that there was nothing immoral in exporting the blood since the Haitians had no use for it anyway.

Then there is Interior Minister Cambronne's relations with a M. Andre Labay. Labay is the Belgian who was arrested in October 1971 by French police with 106 kilos of heroin in his car. Cambronne's Belgian connection has a curious history. In the early 1960's, Labay was in the Congo, where he worked closely with white mercenaries in Katanga and reportedly was there on a job for French intelligence. In 1967, back in Europe, Labay took over Belfort, a Belgian insurance company, which went bankrupt in January 1968. That left 36,000 Belgian drivers uninsured. Later in the year, Labay surfaced in Haiti, running a factory and making gold busts of President Francois Duvalier. But Labay proved to be too much even for Haiti. Labay was implicated in a bank scandal and the Haitians involved were arrested. Labay returned to Europe, paid a nominal fine for the Belfort collapse, and was arrested by the French police with the largest haul of heroin they had ever seen.

Cambronne's precise connection to Labay is not clear, but he is widely believed to have been a patron of Labay and to have been implicated in the bank scandal. More important is the French claim that Labay's "factory" was a cover for other operations, like maybe heroin.

In September 1972 it was rumored that the U.S. was not going to give Haiti additional aid because of the current repression in Haiti and Cambronne's connections with Labay. Cambronne incarnates the Duvalier regime. He clearly hopes to seize power, using Papa Doc's family as a facade. His main rival is Jean-Claude's sister, Marie-Denise, who wants power for herself. Cambronne once said that "a good Duvalierist stands ready to kill his children or children to kill their parents."

In what may be an attempt to scare the Norte Americanos, Cambronne recently announced that persons who were part of an "international communist conspiracy" had begun a series of "terrorist acts." The son of a cabinet minister was kidnapped and more than a hundred persons, including some military leaders, were arrested in the ensuing "counter-attack." Of course, all of this could well be a ploy whereby Cambronne solidifies his own position and that of Jean-Claude. In any event, if such a conspiracy posed a real threat, the U.S. would always be ready and willing to move in. Sitting idle a mere fifty miles away is the U.S. naval base at Guantanamo, Cuba, and if that is too little and too late there is also the U.S.-supported Dominican army, 12,000 strong, standing behind a mid-island border only 26 miles away from the Haitian capital. ○

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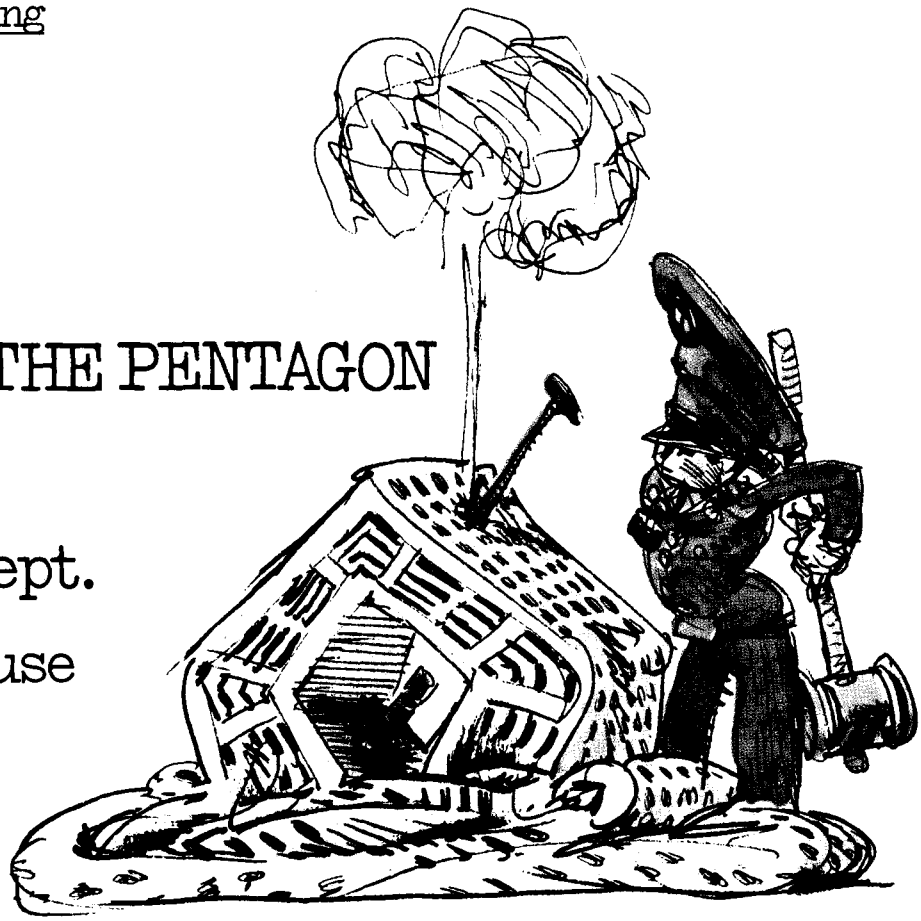
the informal art of leaking

SLOW LEAK IN THE PENTAGON (and the CIA and the State Dept. and the White House and...)



CALL HIM KENDALL. HE IS A U.S. Government employee with access to top-secret Pentagon documents. Early in October, 1971, a highly sensitive Joint Chiefs of Staff paper came across his desk. It outlined a proposed five-year plan for American programs in Cambodia.

Kendall is a public servant, a civil service employee, an organization man. Still, he was appalled by what he read. The Joint Chiefs were recommending that American involvement in Cambodia be greatly increased, that annual military aid be more than doubled over the next five years, and that Cambodian military and paramilitary forces be increased five-fold, to over 800,000 by 1977. The object was to "win" the war in Cambodia by driving the North Vietnamese out of the country and crushing the native Khmer Rouge guerrilla forces.

That night Kendall got into a conversation with a congressional aide at a Washington cocktail party. He talked freely about the plan and promised to provide the aide with detailed notes on it. Within a week, Max Frankel used these notes to break the story on the front page of the *New York Times*. The same day Frankel's article appeared, Secretary of Defense Laird publicly refused either to confirm or deny the existence of the plan, and the Senate Foreign Relations Committee approved a spending and personnel ceiling on American involvement in Cambodia.

The whole Cambodian question received widespread media coverage that week, and the Pentagon eventually shelved its five year plan for Cambodia. A State Department official who worked on Cambodian affairs confirmed nearly a year later that, more than any other factor, it was the publicity resulting from Kendall's leak which stopped the Joint Chiefs' plan from being put into effect.

In a recent interview, Kendall talked about this whole affair: "What got to me was the colossal stupidity of the plan. There were lots of people within the government who felt the same way. But it wasn't in anyone's interest to put himself in front of the plan's increasing momentum. The White House was behind it, and no one wanted to throw himself on his own bureaucratic sword....

"Sure, I was frightened when the story appeared in the paper. A major investigation was started, and I regretted having done it for the next few days. But I soon got over that. I felt strongly that the plan had to be stopped. It was the kind of thing that was so stupid that, once it saw the light of day, even its own authors wouldn't claim it. I had been looking for a way to effectively stop it, and the leak seemed to accomplish just that."

Leaking has become effective as ordinary, loyal, hard-working bureaucrats like Kendall increasingly take it on themselves to blow the whistle on official plans and actions which offend their sense of decency. The leakers have appeared throughout the execu-

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GENE HOLTAN

by terry pollack

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tive branch and the armed forces. A disparate group, they share a notion that "higher loyalty" compels them to expose activities they consider to be wrong. Some of them have become famous (the "cosmic leaks," in the words of one reporter): people like Daniel Ellsberg and Anthony Russo (who leaked the Pentagon Papers); Ron Ridenhour (My Lai); Sgt. Lonnie Franks (the Lavelle affair); Christopher Pyle (who told about military spying on civilians). These, however, represent only a tiny percentage of the total number of whistle-blowers who in recent years have worked on the fabric of governmental secrecy like a hoard of hungry moths. Most retain their anonymity—and their jobs. They are the nameless sources who turn up leads for investigative journalists like Seymour Hersh, to name one.

Hersh, the man who uncovered the My Lai massacre, works for the *New York Times*. Not long ago, he returned from a week in Stockholm and Copenhagen where he had interviewed the recently released American POW s, and, sitting at his Washington desk, he slowly opened the accumulated mail. Among other things, he found:

* a xerox copy of a letter from the CIA's general counsel, to a New York publisher, in which the Agency asserted the right to prior censorship of a new book on the CIA by a former agent

* an anonymous letter telling where to look for information about illegal campaign funds contributed to an Ohio congressman

* a letter from military intelligence personnel in Thailand describing the alleged cover-up of the American bombing of a Cambodian city

* a letter about the possible U.S. government purchase of chemicals for weather modification

* a letter from an anti-draft organization about the death in Vietnam of an anti-war GI who allegedly was made to "volunteer" for a suicide mission and

* a letter from another ex-CIA man giving a detailed account of many of his former employer's activities

Not all of these tips would develop into articles, but it is on the basis of leads like these that most recent scandals have developed. Brit Hume is one who knows the process. An associate of Jack Anderson, he interviewed lobbyist Dita Beard one day, and shortly thereafter Anderson wrote up the story in his daily column. What followed will be known to history as the ITT affair. In a recent interview, Hume described how the Anderson operation relies on leaks: "There is a huge number of people—hundreds, literally —who are in touch with us. They call us voluntarily to tell us about things that are wrong in their own departments. Some of them are liberals who see undue influence by big business and other forces they consider improper. Others have a much less sophisticated attitude toward things.

"There's a whole network of people inside the government. They don't know each other, but they know us. They're lower echelon people who are fed up with the way the government is doing certain things. Sometimes they come up with something really good.

"For example, I've gotten a steady flow of stories from one part of the Interior Department. They come from a source who sincerely believes in the Interior Department and the possible good it could do. He is constantly being distressed by the way political operators are stuck over there, by the way all types of cheap media techniques are being used to promote a false image of concern for the environment.

"The Government tends to attract people who are interested in causes. After all, if you're interested in the environment, the Interior Department has at least the theoretical power to do something about it. If you work there and find nothing is happening because of the failure of people in key positions to take the right approach, it's not very far from that step to a position where you start passing the word out to the newspapers, which can at least apply some counter-pressure. This is an increasingly familiar thing."

Anderson's reliance on the "little people" in government follows the practice of his predecessor, Drew Pearson. While this has enabled him to bring out exposés of such skullduggery as abuses in the Pentagon motor pool and the alleged drunken

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conduct of the U.S. ambassador to France, it has–until recently–kept him out of the area of national security policy. In fact, the foreign policy scandals of recent years represent a departure from the historic pattern insofar as they surface through *unauthorized* leaks. To be sure, the *Chicago Tribune* published America's secret war plans on the eve of Pearl Harbor, but as a rule, the media and Congress have received their tidbits of top-secret information through authorized leaks. Generally, they come in the spring (Sen. Stuart Symington calls the process as inevitable as the blooming of cherry blossoms) and usually they take the form of highly classified intelligence on new Soviet threats. The source is invariably in the Pentagon, and the data reflects the particular interests of the service which applies it: if the threat is a Soviet aircraft carrier or submarine, the U.S. Navy has done the leaking; if it concerns a new Soviet bomber, the Air Force is usually responsible; if the information is about a Soviet tank. . . . In the words of syndicated columnist Joseph Kraft, ". . . far, far more than civilians in the government, the uniformed military are in the habit of leaking information to serve their own interests."

Not that civilians have shunned the authorized leak formula. In July 1972, for instance, the White House tried to justify the President's Middle East policy (and win Jewish votes in the process) by giving columnist Stewart Alsop secret information on how Nixon's tough stand in the 1970 Jordanian crisis had caused the Soviets to back down–thus winning the gratitude of the Israelis. And, in the aftermath of Jack Anderson's publication of secret White House documents on the India-Pakistan war, Administration officials permitted a few carefully selected newsmen to read sensitive CIA agent reports which quoted top Indian officials to the effect that India intended to destroy Pakistan.*

* These reports were made available to the newsmen for background with the understanding they could not be printed. The possible compromise of CIA's clandestine agents was evidently thought to be less important than correcting the unfavorable press treatment the Administration was receiving on the American "tilt" toward Pakistan.

These leaks do not come from morally outraged bureaucrats. Rather, they emanate from high officials who pass out secret information as a weapon of policy, in accordance with the popular adage that "the ship of state leaks at the top."

In recent years, however, the ship has begun to leak at all levels, as junior officers, secretaries, messengers, and xerox machine operators have joined the action. This is a new development, and it has taken the upper echelon by surprise. As recently as 1970, a State Department official discounted the danger of leaks from younger bureaucrats by saying, "I doubt if one of the kids would even know the *New York Times'* phone number." He would not repeat the words so confidently today.

[THE ROUND-EYED LEAK]

So far in the Vietnam War there has always seemed to be some Sergeant Franks, at My Lai and elsewhere. Always there seems to be some round-eyed, unsophisticated boy, aghast at what he sees or is ordered to do, who waits expectantly for someone in higher command to put a stop to it and who ultimately–pricked perhaps by his conception of right and wrong–appeals to outside authority."

(Richard L. Strout in the *Christian Science Monitor*, Sept. 15, 1972.)

A 23-year-old Air Force sergeant, Lonnie Franks was stationed at U Dorn Air Base during the winter of 1971-1972. Through his work in intelligence, he learned that U.S. planes had carried out scores of bombing missions over North Vietnam in direct violation of the rules of engagement–such as they were at the time–and that Air Force personnel were routinely submitting false reports of these raids.

Franks had read extensively about the My Lai massacre and the Pentagon Papers. He believed that, as an individual, he had a responsibility to expose what was wrong. So, in March 1972, he wrote a letter to his senator, Harold

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Hughes of Iowa, describing the illegal bombing. In an interview six months later, Franks said, "I could have waited, but the material was still fresh. There's no way the military could have covered its trail."

Franks' letter to Hughes proved to be the opening salvo in the Lavelle affair and it ultimately brought about the removal of General Lavelle as the Air Force chief in Southeast Asia. Both houses of Congress held hearings, which for the first time opened up to public discussion the question of command and control of the air war.

Yet, when it was all over, Lavelle had escaped into retirement with a virtually tax-free $27,000 annual pension and a meaningless demotion in rank. General Creighton Abrams, U.S. Commander in Vietnam, was confirmed as the new Army Chief of Staff with only two dissenting votes, and Admiral Thomas Moorer, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, survived with his career intact, despite indications that both he and Abrams knew of the bombing raids.

Franks believes that Abrams and

CONFESSIONS OF A LEAKER

I WAITED IN THE PHONE BOOTH AND GAZED OUT THE door. Jack Anderson's secretary was going to get a certain "Mr. Spear" whom she described as one of Mr. Anderson's associates. As I waited, people were busily zipping in and out of the cafeteria right outside the door, including, no doubt, some people from the office. Everyone in the office ate there. Just then I spotted one of our clerks trotting by. She glanced my way, waved when she saw me looking at her, then went in to eat. I wondered in panic if she thought it unusual that I would be making a call from a booth instead of from my office. I mentally kicked myself in the ass and hunkered down in the booth, turning my face from the corridor.

"This is Joe Spear."

"Hi, uh, Joe. As I told your secretary, I have some information that I think Mr. Anderson would be interested in."

"What kind of information?"

"Well, it has to do with secret government files."

"What kind of secret files?"

I took a deep breath and plunged in.

"Well, you see, I work for the government. And just recently, I became aware that the Secret Service keeps track of potential assassins and they have this big computer list of all these people. Lots of people."

"Just how many people are on this list?"

"Well, maybe a hundred thousand or so. I don't have an exact count."

"Let me get this straight. The United States Secret Service has a computer data bank of potential assassins with a hundred thousand names on file, right? I didn't think there were so many people bent on knocking off old Tricky Dick."

"Well, that's not why I called. You see, a lot of these people are pretty well-known. You know, movie stars, and athletes, and politicians, and radicals. Black radicals, lots of blacks."

"Who are are some of these people?"

"Well, like Tony Randall and Marlon Brando and Carl Reiner and Groucho Marx and Joe Louis. Oh yeah. Coretta King and Ralph Abernathy, too."

"Jesus Christ! What in the goddamn hell is the matter with those people? Do they really believe Mrs. Martin Luther King wants to kill the President? That's the most fantastic thing I've ever heard. Well, come to think of it, maybe it isn't so fantastic."

"Joe Namath, too."

"Yeah? Incredible."

"Cassius Clay, too. I mean Muhammad Ali."

"Unreal."

"Oh, yeah, man. They've got more people in there than Carter has little liver pills."

I started to get excited myself. "Jane Fonda's in there, and her anti-war sidekick Donald Sutherland. And there's quite a few local political figures like Marion Barry and Walter Fauntroy and Julius Hobson. All the black leaders are there, like Jesse Jackson and Floyd McKissick and Roy Innis and James Farmer and Stokely Carmichael and Huey Newton and Eldridge Cleaver and Angela Davis and Adam

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Moorer both lied to protect their careers, but, then, he says, "the military was lying up one side and down the other."

When asked why he originally wrote to Senator Hughes, Franks replied, "The whole thing was very, very wrong. I couldn't think of any reason for not doing it, except that it might hurt my career. That seemed extremely petty."

Franks was no radical anti-war activist. Despite his now strong opposition to the war, five weeks before the recent election he was still undecided on his choice for the presidency. He affirms a strong belief in the American system, but he admits he has less faith in it now than before.

Ron Ridenhour, the young veteran who started the My Lai investigation, speaks in similar terms: "I was a firm believer in the principles this country was founded on—and still am in the Jeffersonian sense. I believed those things I learned in school about American ideals, and what happened at My Lai was a betrayal of those ideals." Still, he had qualms about blowing the

Clayton Powell."

"My God! They've actually got a United States congressman listed as a potential assassin. That is absolutely incredible."

"Yeah. It's Powell all right. I checked on the birthday."

"My God."

At least he sounded interested. In fact, by this time I was breathing hard myself. I was so worked up I was trying to stand up in the phone booth. I nervously hunkered down again.

"Listen. Can you get any of those papers and bring them down to my office right away. I mean just as soon as possible?"

I noticed I was sweating again.

"Well, jeez. Man, I'll try, but it isn't going to be really easy. You know, you just don't waltz in and casually scoop up an armful of dossiers and waltz out again. It might take me awhile."

"Well, see what you can do, and come by the office here this afternoon, whether you're able to grab anything or not. We'll talk more about it then.

I met Spear that same afternoon. He greeted me with "Hey, man! How ya doin'? Come on in." Meanwhile, he was vigorously pumping my arm and pounding my back.

Spear is an enthusiastic man in his early thirties, with blondish hair and a short blonde brush moustache. Kind of like Walter Cronkite's. His face was lit up with a positively gleeful leer. More of a smirk, really. The expression that Bill Cosby uses so frequently during his routines. I began to grin myself. I guess being a spy has certain rewards.

"Let's see what you've got."

"OK. Let's see here." I began pulling out thick dossiers and flipping them on his desk. "There's Joe Namath, and Marlon Brando, and Carl Reiner and Floyd McKissick, for starters.

Spear was cackling fiendishly with delight. Within seconds my armful of dossiers was spread over every desk in the office, while we poured through them. I hadn't had the time to read them previously, so it was just as new to me as to him. When either of us would come across something particularly outrageous, we'd read it out loud. It wasn't long before the secretary was happily copying documents as fast as she could shove them into the copying machine. We just decided to copy everything in the files so that I could return them as soon as possible.

Spear and I made arrangements for future meetings. Since I could not remove the dossiers from the files for any great length of time, I would have to bring them to Anderson's office to be copied, then return them later. We also discussed various techniques for avoiding suspicion and diverting attention. Finger prints were a point of concern with me, and Spear suggested a liberal application of fingernail polish. I began to think he was a reformed safecracker or something. Maybe not even so reformed.

Shaking hands, he walked me to the door. As I started out, I turned and said with an idiot grin, "You know, yesterday I couldn't even spell sleuth, and today I is one."

He grinned back and said, "OK, sleuth. Just don't get your ass caught."

He really didn't have to say it again.

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HOW TO LEAK

IF YOU HAPPEN TO WORK IN THE government (or anywhere else for that matter) and you know about something secret which you believe to be wrong, you are a potential leaker.

Once you have made the decision that you no longer can remain silent, you ought to use your information in a way to maximize the impact. A well placed leak has been known to halt a particularly objectionable government program, and, failing that, the revelation itself can go far in cracking excessive government secrecy and changing popular beliefs.

There is no reason for you to identify yourself to anyone other than the reporter you are dealing with, and–if you go so far as to mail documents in a plain envelope–you can even remain anonymous to the reporter.

You should look for a journalist who is sympathetic to your cause. Avoid with a passion those reporters who are dependent on government handouts for their success. They will not risk the loss of their *entrée* into the Washington establishment by offending their high-placed sources. In this category are both Alsops, Evans and Novak, Joseph Kraft, and most of the gray-beard commentators.

Try to choose a reporter who has written about similar matters and who has shown muckraking skills in the past. A partial list of trustworthy and skilled people is given below:

For leaks of all kinds:

Brit Hume
Ramparts Magazine
2054 University Ave.
Berkeley, Ca. 94704
(415) 845-8871

Jack Anderson
1612 K St. N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20006
(202) 347-4325

For military intelligence, or Vietnam:

Seymour Hersh
New York Times
1920 L St. N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036
(202) 293-3100

George Wilson
Washington Post
1150 15th St. N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20005
(202) 223-6000

For consumer rip-offs:

Morton Mintz or
Nick Kotz
Washington Post

For political finance scandals:

Jerry Landauer
Wall St. Journal
245 National Press Bldg.
Washington, D.C. 20004
(202) 783-0164

Robert Walters
Washington Star News
225 Virginia S.E.
Washington, D.C. 20003
(202) 484-5000

Carl Bernstein or
Bob Woodward
Washington Post

And keep in mind:

Thomas Oliphant
Boston Globe
Room 310
1750 Pennsylvania Ave. N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20006
(202) 298-9169

Richard Dudman
St. Louis Post-Dispatch
Room 550
1701 Pennsylvania Ave. N.W.
Washinton, D.C. 20006
(202) 298-6880

Morton Kondracke
Chicago Sun-Times
1366 National Press Bldg.
Washington, D.C. 20004
(202) EX 3-0151

Clark Mollenhoff
Des Moines Register
952 National Press Bldg.
Washington, D.C. 20004
(202) DI 7-9111

Saul Friedman
Knight Newspapers
1195 National Press Bldg.
Washington, D.C. 20004
(202) ME 8-2844

Rather than leaking directly to the media, another possible recipient might be a public-interest organization which is on the right side of the issue that concerns you. You can take advantage of the experience that has been built up by a Nader-type group, and often your information can be coordinated with an ongoing campaign. In this way there is a better chance that the leak will come out in a way and at a time to have maximum impact. Some possible organizations are:

For domestic issues:

Ralph Nader
Center for Study
of Responsive Law
P.O. Box 19367
Washington, D.C. 20036
(202) 833-3400

On Indochina:

Indochina Resources
Center/Project Air War
1322 18th St. N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036
(202) 785-3114

For environment issues:

Environmental Policy Center
324 C St. S.E.
Washington, D.C. 20003
(202) 547-6500

whistle: "I either had to betray my friends who were part of the unit–although they were obviously betrayed themselves by the military system–or betray myself. I knew in my guts what I had to do. I just felt I had to bring the whole thing out into the open.

Franks and Ridenhour were both in their early 20's when they made their revelations. Franks believed he would find justice by informing his senator of the illegal bombing. Ridenhour chose to write to 30 political figures, including the President, Cabinet members, senators, and congressmen. His aim, as he put it, was "to see if I could find one honest man." Ridenhour believes he found his man in Congressman Morris Udall of Arizona, and Franks expresses strong support for the way Senator Hughes handled his information.

Less confident about the ability of any one person to be his champion was Christopher Pyle, who first exposed military surveillance of civilians in January 1970. A student of political science, and a lawyer, Pyle was convinced that he could not have any effect on the Pentagon's domestic spying if he did not mount what he calls "a three-pronged attack." His strategy

(Continued on Page 49)

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First, there was Sergeant York, the calm doughboy sharp-shooter, the epitome of the American fighting man in World War I. Then there was Audie Murphy, his machine guns blazing, grenades popping, capturing companies (or was it battalions?) of Huns in World War II. And in the Korean War it was Tony Herbert who received the most decorations and whose pictures adorned Army recruiting posters. Come 1969, the U.S. high command had high hopes that Lieutenant Colonel Anthony B. Herbert would go on to greater glory in bloody Vietnam.

Winner of a battlefield commission, Lt. Col. Herbert was considered one of the very best combat infantrymen and commanders the American army has ever produced. He had been trained in every military skill. He had engaged in clandestine, overt, and paramilitary operations and he seemed destined for a career which would lead him to the highest levels of the Pentagon. But somehow, somewhere in Vietnam, Lt. Col. Herbert's career took a dramatically different course. He thought he had been sent there to serve as a soldier. But in fact the situation demanded that he become something else—a murderer. Faced with the contradictions of his own idealism and the grotesque actualities of the war in Indochina, Tony Herbert discovered that truth was more important to him than obedience and that he was more human than

SOLDIER

Lt. Col. Anthony Herbert as he appeared on a recruitment poster.

by anthony b. herbert with james t. wooten

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"the women came in a variety of colors . . ."

There were white streaks in the water a mile below, and as the big jet sliced through the last layer of clouds and screamed into its final approach, I leaned toward the window for a better look. Cam Ranh Bay's cobalt waters raised a lacy border against the beige beach, and beyond the sand the jungle glistened green in the afternoon sun. Further inland, the gray hills rose gently into smoky, darkening highlands. It was startlingly beautiful. Like a kid in a candy shop I pressed my face against the plastic porthole.

I noticed the white streaks again and thought at first that they were wakes from some fast little Navy craft out on maneuvers, but as the plane descended, I saw I was wrong. They were wakes, all right, but not from boats. Down there below me, on August 30, 1969, in the throes of America's most torturous military conflict, when casualties on both sides were reaching 5000 or more per week, when the most powerful country in the world was being drained and torn apart—down there on Cam Ranh Bay, they were water-skiing. Water-skiing, by God—dozens of young men and women making zigzag patterns across the water, the cool spray in their tanned faces, their free arms raised in that classic salute to speed and grace.

"Okay, fellows, buckle up," the stewardess chimed over the intercom. "And may I be the first to welcome you to Vietnam."

It was a hell of a place, whether you were a sergeant on your way out, a private on your way in, or an older lieutenant colonel getting locked into a new assignment. It was, in fact, two communities: the military sector, which served as the supply point and rear-area headquarters for the Brigade, and An Khe itself, which, like so many other towns in Vietnam, had become almost completely dependent on the military. It wasn't hard to tell where the base ended and the town began. The prices were different.

On the post, almost everything was free, and what wasn't was cheaper than ice at the South Pole, including first-class whisky at twenty cents a slug and sixteen-ounce steak dinners with all the trimmings for $1.50 or less. Five nights a week there were free movies and on the other two evenings live entertainment was available, featuring real live American girls on stage and in the audience. The women came in a variety of colors, uniforms, and vocations. Some were singers or dancers or strippers. Others were Red Cross employees, a few were in Special Services, and the rest were nurses. There were never enough of them to go around, but they were there in numbers sufficient to make you wonder whether General Sherman might not have changed his mind about war if he had pulled a tour in the 173d at An Khe.

After the shows, there were ample amusements elsewhere. There were the clubs for the officers and the clubs for the noncommissioned officers and the clubs for the enlisted men, all with wall-to-wall slot machines. There was the NCO Motel with its flower gardens, barbecue pit, showers, baths, recreation yard, and games of chance; and there were the Steakhouse and the Pizza Palace and the Esther Williams swimming pool and the library and the Special Services Club, a hangout for AWOL personnel, and the eighteen-hole miniature golf course and the Happy Hooch Hotel, an outfit run by the Red Cross. It was, by God, a sizable city.

Pound for pound, the Brigade was garbage. Discipline

PHOTO BY PERRY KRETZ/BLACK STAR

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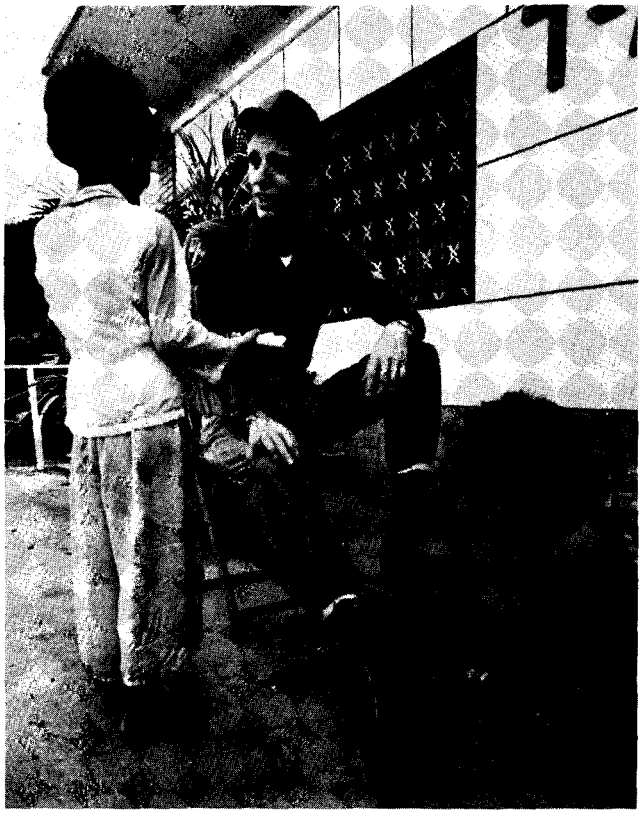
was lax, the troops were slovenly, disrespectful, and sluggish, mentally as well as physically. It was obvious that in An Khe at least they were no match for either the Viet Cong or the North Vietnamese regulars. As the sergeant had said, they preferred pot, two to one. But marijuana was only an expression of a deeper, more serious failure. At An Khe, the troops wore what they damn well wanted to wear, including beads and bracelets. They capped their teeth with different colors—red, blue, and gold—and they called the hierarchy "motherfuckers" and printed "Fuck the Green Machine" on their jackets and hats. Some of them wore earrings, a few sported noserings, and the battle flag of the Confederacy flew from many of the bunkers.

It was February 14, St. Valentine's Day, and I had been in command for one week. Things were looking up. Captain Striker, the operations officer for the Brigade Aviation Platoon, and another pilot had been out flying light observation helicopters (LOHs) that morning and had spotted four men running through some palm trees along the beach near the village of Cu Loi. The men on the ground were obviously attempting to evade the eyes of the American pilots, but to no avail. Striker and the other pilot, with their LOHs equipped with light machine guns, went right in under the trees and killed all four. Striker landed and retrieved one weapon and a bundle of what he thought at the time were documents. They turned out to be a major payroll in gold certificates. It was quite a haul: a roster, a map, and the information that there would be a meeting that night in Cu Loi. The payroll was being delivered to the wheels of the Viet Cong, the infrastructure, as we called them. They ran the local cells and were the lifeblood of the guerrilla movement—not that they shed their blood very often, but in terms of providing the brains and the organization.

By the time the bird landed, Ernie had already explained things to LeRay, and joined me and Smitty on board for the short hop back to Brigade Headquarters at English. While Webb was on the network, I studied the map. Cu Loi was on a long peninsula. A narrow inlet widened down its western edge into a great, broad bay. On its eastern edge, long golden beaches ran down into the South China Sea. No wonder the VC liked it. It was typical of so many concentrations in the country. If we came from the west, we had to cross the bay while, in the meantime, the people in the village, the simple fisherfolk, moved quietly east and launched their little boats and went fishing. There was no overland way in from the north—the jungle on the other side of the inlet was thick and sturdy and did not lend itself to the portage of boats—and if we came in from the east, from the sea, they simply launched their craft into the bay and disappeared into the jungle on the other side. If we came in from the south, they had plenty of time to know we were there. The answer? Maybe a simultaneous attack from two directions, which sounded nice and looked even better on Brigade stationery. But out there the paper plans didn't matter very much. There was just too goddamned much jungle and too much water and too much land. They knew they were safe because they were just a small-fish target, except when they congregated as they were about to



"it was a hell of a place . . ."

"keep that group covered . . ."

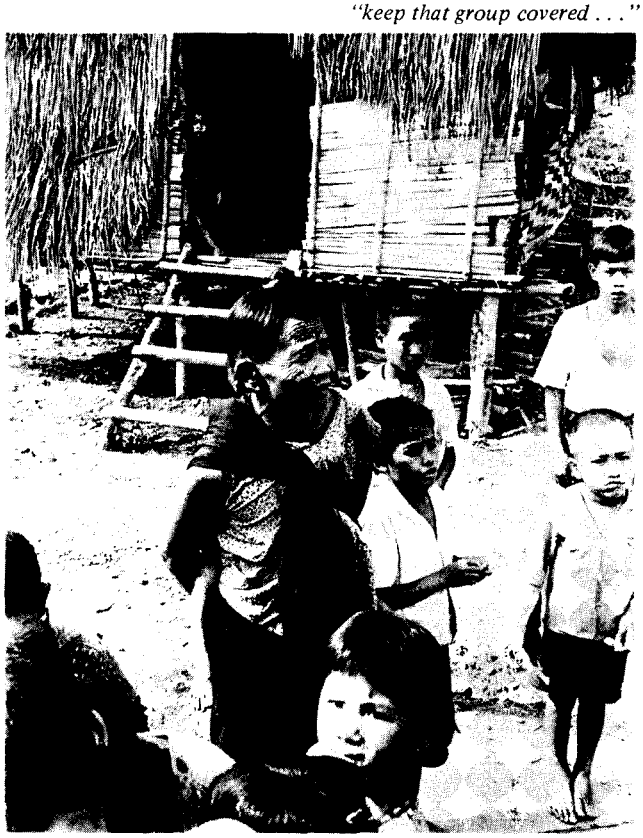


PHOTO BY JAMES PICKERELL/BLACK STAR
PHOTO BY EDWARD RASEN/PACIFIC NEWS SERVICE

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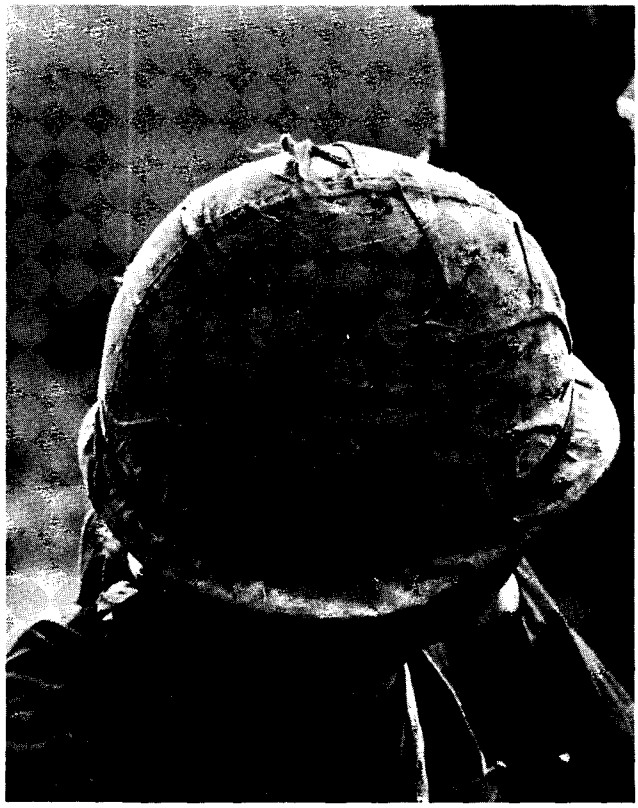

"they preferred pot, two to one . . ."

"they were no match for either the VC or the North Vietnamese regulars . . ."

do that night. I intended to make certain that we didn't let the opportunity slip by us.

I boarded the C and C with Ernie and we caught up with LeRay's flight enroute to the target. The instructions were given out over the net. There was no time to fool around or be cute. We told our people what to do in plain English, and if the enemy monitored us and got the message out and still had time to react–and whipped us to boot–then, hell, they deserved to win. While Ernie talked on the net, I made one last good study of the map, getting it all down in my head. When Webb had finished, I told him the operational order. "Smitty and I will take the ground. It'll be a while. I want you back at English on the net, and have one of the companies from the field locked and ready for pick-up."

I got on the net with Allison, my pilot. I wanted him to come in behind the last ship in LeRay's flight. "Touch down with them, okay?" I told him, and then settled down to study the terrain as we went in. I selected the LZ, gave the word to Ernie, leaned out of the bird and dropped a smoke cannister right on target. The ship banked around and came up behind the last Huey. I checked my rifle, made sure of my knife, flicked the safety off the weapon with my index finger and tapped the magazine to insure its seating.

Allison wheeled in from over the sea and then clattered straight south. From my spot on the left side of the bird, all I could see was a small strip of that golden beach and a hell of a lot of the South China Sea. Ernie tapped me. "The LZ is red," he said. "Want to take it up?" I shook my head and gave him a thumbs-down. I felt my pulse accelerate a bit. Maybe I was getting old. Maybe I'd had too many wars. Just then I felt the flare-up from beneath my feet. I looked outside and leaped. I could hear the crack of the rifles even before the last bird was back up and off. I rolled to my feet. Smitty was up against a dune and I could see troops moving across the beach about seventy-five to one hundred meters away. Smitty got up, brushed himself off, and blew the sand out of the hand-set.

"Did you see LeRay?" I asked.

"Over there, sir," he said, pointing to a solitary figure moving southwest toward a group of troops down on their stomachs and knees, firing toward the south. "Get him on the net and have him hold until we get there. He's heading off wrong."

Smitty fell in behind me, talking all the while. I could see LeRay answering him on his mike. He stopped, turned around and saw us moving up. He dropped down on both knees. A couple of his men were still firing south and I saw two Viets running along the sand with the slugs digging at their heels. I told LeRay to tell them to forget it. They were too far away for M-16s. "Let's get it all back on the road northwest, Lieutenant," I said, "toward the village–that's the mission." I figured the two running down the beach to be a diversion. It was old VC. LeRay was having some problems with his CAR-15. (Didn't they all?) I loaned him my .45 and we started back northwest. Warden and a machine gunner crossed the beach north of us and entered the jungle. Wally was giving the guy hell and he was saying, "Yes, Sergeant, yes, Sergeant." Smitty and I

PHOTO BY GHISLAIN BELLERGET/BLACK STAR
PHOTO BY JAMES PICKERELL/BLACK STAR

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entered the jungle just south of where they had gone in while LeRay and the rest of his group went in just south of us. The two choppers were screaming in just above the branches, rapping in bursts of fire with their mini-guns, hanging there just above the trees, sliding sideways, back and forth. There was a hut just north of us, and Smitty and I turned onto the trail leading to it. He picked up the LOH commander on the radio and learned that the birds had already creamed one guy with a rifle. The rest, he said, had gone inside. There were children with them, the pilot said. Did they have permission? I took the hand-set.

"This is Six. No. Permission denied. I say again: permission denied. Mark it with smoke. We'll take care of it and thanks. Over."

"Got it. Out."

I handed it back to Smitty. "Read LeRay in on the smoke," I said, keeping my eye on the cannister as it dropped from the LOH and burst in a cloud, erupting up through the foliage. I could barely make out what looked like the corner of the hut. I stepped out on the path and Smitty fell in behind. When they could see us from above, one of the men in the chopper leaned out and gave us a wave and pointed down. I waved back and they wheeled off to the north. Someone fired on the other side of the hut. I dropped to one knee and Smitty hit the dirt behind me. Warden came running around the east side of the building. Smitty and I got back to our feet. Warden had been on the other side of the hut, trying to move up under cover of the choppers. As they had banked off, three men had broken from the edge of the building and over into a clump of brush from which they could cover the trail on which Smitty and I were walking. "I shouted for them to surrender once," Warden said. "One of them spun around and started up with his rifle so I dropped him. The other two grabbed him and all three dropped down into a bunker on the other side of the hut."

"Do they still have the rifle?" I asked.

"No, sir, but they've got an AK-47. The rifle's still in the brush where I dropped him."

"Okay, Wally, go back around the east side and Smitty and I will take the west. Take it slow and easy and we'll cover each other as much as possible."

"Right, sir," Warden said.

"Did you see anybody else?"

"Nope."

I flicked the safety off and stepped out.

It was a damned fine, solid hut. I knew immediately it didn't belong to a poor man nor to any little old rice farmer because there was no stall for the buffalo. It was a one-story structure built on a slab of concrete raised a couple of feet off the ground, much like a patio. It measured about forty feet square with its rear to the southeast. The porch was on the other side and a man was sprawled in the front yard, face down in the dust, dead. His rifle lay a few feet from his outstretched hands. I came around the porch and saw the entire family waiting there: a very old man (a real papa-san), an elderly woman, a young girl and two children. Over against the wall, a young man was sitting next to the doorway with his coolie hat pulled

"then they just started questioning them and blowing their heads off . . ."

"I don't think it was bravado . . ."

PHOTO BY JOHN GIANINI/PACIFIC NEWS SERVICE
PHOTO BY ROBERT ELLISON/BLACK STAR

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low over his face. He seemed to be working like hell to look old, and everybody else was trying very hard to make it all appear natural. That was a dead giveaway. Regardless of the circumstances, the locals always obeyed their instructions down to the letter. Act naturally, they were told, and they did exactly that regardless of what was happening to them or around them. The only ones looking anywhere but down were the girl and the children. They could not keep their eyes off the body sprawled before them in the dirt. I motioned for Smitty to keep them all covered and called for Wally to check out the body. The bunker was across the yard and I watched the entrance-hole, keeping the young stud by the doorway in the corner of my eye. We would get around to him in a second. Warden went up into one of the hut's two rooms, reappeared and passed by the young stud into the other room. Finally, he came out.

"Empty," he said.

"Good. Smitty, keep the group. Warden, you cover me." I crossed the yard to the bunker and nailed myself up against its outside edge. "Chieu Hoi!" I shouted, using the name of the program we had set up for leniency in return for immediate, unresisting surrender. "Chieu Hoi!" As always, there was no response. I waited, then stepped back and fired two quick rounds into the sandbags around the doorway. Then, stepping back against the wall, I lifted a grenade from my belt. The old woman on the porch screamed and there was one hell of a scuffling inside the bunker. They tripped all over each other coming out.

"Chieu Hoi! Chieu Hoi! Me Chieu Hoi! Chieu Hoi!" they were shouting.

"I figured you were," I mumbled to myself. There were three of them: two in khakis and the wounded guy stripped down to his shorts. I nudged them toward Warden. "Keep them covered," I said. "I'll get the bunker."

"I'll get it, sir," Smitty said, trotting across toward me.

"Goddam it, keep that group covered," I shouted. "I'll get the damned bunker. We all get paid by the same people." I don't think it was bravado; it was just that I had learned years before that if you wanted to be followed, then you had to get your ass out and lead by setting the example. If I expected other people to go down inside bunkers and holes after the enemy, then I had better be ready to do it once in a while myself. This time it was my turn. I kept my rifle in front. It wasn't nearly as dangerous as everyone seems to think. After all, anybody in the bunker was trapped. He was finished one way or the other and he had but two choices: to live it out as a POW or give up the ghost. If anyone was in there and he fired, then I would get him or the guy after me would or the one after him—and he must have known that if we wanted to kill him, we would have gone in with a grenade in the first place. At Brigade, there was a consensus that these people were some sort of subhumans without any intelligence. But I had been out there before, and Buddhists, Taoists, and Confucians were a long way from subhuman.

It was wasted philosophy. The bunker was clean except for the AK-47, a couple of grenades, and about ten pounds of documents. I didn't take the time to go under the flooring as I would have if I had had more men with me. After all, there was still the young stud by the doorway, and if anybody there was hard-core VC, it was him. I kept my eye on him while Warden got on the net and called LeRay, requesting some assistance. While he was talking, other U.S. troops came into the clearing around the hut with another group of prisoners, all of them males. The new troops had a Kit Carson along, one of the hundreds of North Vietnamese who had surrendered and been re-indoctrinated and were now working for us. Their motivations were varied: some did it for money, a few for political rewards; some stayed a couple of days and then disappeared, but some were very good. The ones that stayed were very close to the American troopers. They became family, and the links between them and some of our guys were strong. I saw some of the toughest troopers in the country bawl their eyes out over a Kit Carson's body. I felt that way about Zin, the Kit along with us today. He was a soldier, and a damned good one, and I had never been able to hold back my respect for a good soldier, regardless of the colors he wore. Men who shared the possibility of death shared something quite indefinable.

The young stud by the doorway was that kind of a man, too. I watched him as some of the guys searched the brush, picking up pieces of equipment here and there. Zin was with them, turning up stuff as fast as he could: another rifle, another AK-47, more documents, more grenades, belts, packets, a radio, and a roster. It had been a headquarters-type unit and there had been a major payroll meeting. The choppers had picked off the paymaster of course—which had ended payday—but it had been too late for them to call off the meeting. They were all still around, scattered throughout the village. It had been a huge payroll with about forty paymasters. Zin said they would be carrying pistols and revolvers with maybe a couple of AKs and a couple of SKSs.

"Most all will have grenades, Colonel," Zin added.

"You sure?"

"Very sure. They all do."

Zin moved over to the young girl and began asking questions, keeping his eye, as I was, on the hard-core stud. They said a couple of words in Vietnamese. The girl looked up and started to talk. The stud looked up. That was all: he just raised his head a fraction of an inch—and the girl fell silent. The stud dropped his head again. Zin grabbed the girl and shook her, shouting at her, but it was useless. He looked back at me and cut his eyes toward the corner of the porch where the young man was squatting against the wall. We both knew who was boss around there.

Someone shouted, "Grenade!" and the others all hit the dirt. I dropped on one knee, holding my head down low in front of my shoulders. I saw the guy break out of the bush with another grenade in his hands. I squeezed twice on the trigger and watched the rounds slam into his chest, driving him up against one of the palms, bouncing him off into the bushes. I swung back around to the porch. The hard-core was already pushing himself up. I motioned him back down with the rifle barrel and this time our eyes met. There was no sense kidding each other any longer. Without any melodramatics, it was a little like a couple of gunfighters—one a little more experienced than the other, but no better; but for the luck of the draw and a little edge in experience, it might have been him with the rifle and me squatting on

(Continued on Page 50)

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down those mean streets:

This summer, most white, middle-class New Yorkers noticed, with pleased indulgence, that *New York Magazine* devoted an issue to Latins in the city that would have one believe that the million and a half

THE FRAMING OF CARLOS FELICIANO

by jose yglesias

Puerto Ricans here have reached that point of acceptance and near assimilation which has been the good fortune of past waves of immigrants. Considerably fewer New Yorkers gave any attention to the decision of the Colonialism Committee of the United Nations that self-determination and independence are inalienable rights of the Puerto Ricans. None knew that summer had begun with the acquittal, in the Bronx, of Carlos Feliciano, a Puerto Rican arrested in May 1970 and accused then of complicity in some 41 bombings and of membership in MIRA, a pro-independence terrorist organization, and of being an agent of the Cuban government. No one knew either about a second trial for Feliciano for similar acts presumably committed in Manhattan. Indeed, the almost uniform ignorance of Carlos Feliciano's case among non-Puerto Ricans belies the editorial announcement of *New York Magazine* that the city is now Latinized.

What occurred in Feliciano's two-week trial in June was that a jury composed of a cross section of ordinary New Yorkers, loyal citizens of the Bronx, agreed, in effect, that Feliciano was framed by the police. With Bronxian bluntness one juror said, "It was a put-up job." Early in his defense, attorney William Kunstler said to the jury, "I ask you only to try to put aside the rather folksy viewpoint we used to have years ago that fabrications never happen, that the State and police never really create cases against anybody." For Kunstler, Feliciano's case required learning Puerto Rican history; he read a great deal about the nationalist movement and its leader, Pedro Albizu Campos, and he attended, earlier this year, the convention in Puerto Rico of the Pro-Independence Movement at which it reorganized itself as the Puerto Rican Socialist Party.

Necessary homework, for from the first the district attorneys had placed great importance on the fact—indeed, the one sure fact—that in the '50s Feliciano had served five years in a Puerto Rican prison, under their version of the Smith Act, for advocating the overthrow of the government. He was 19 at the time and was a cadet in the Nationalist Party when the 1950 uprisings took place; during one of the years he spent in jail he shared a cell with Albizu Campos. Feliciano also believes this background is crucial to his case, but his reason differs from his prosecutor's: he is one of the few eyewitnesses left to tell of the physical deterioration that Albizu Campos suffered in jail, an illness that the nationalists have from the first charged was caused by radiation secretly administered by his jailers. In any case, everyone around Feliciano argues that his jail record in Puerto Rico was essential to the prosecution, since it is their belief that his arrest and the charges made are an attempt to discourage what Kunstler calls "the burgeoning spirit of nationalism."

Kunstler believes that Feliciano must have looked like an easy target. He had come to New York when released from jail, married, and been inactive in politics. Nevertheless, the years in New York had not been entirely quiet. He had warned his employer when he first got his cabinet-making job in 1955 that the FBI might well be checking up on him because of his past, and his employer informed him as soon as they visited the shop. Feliciano could continue to work there, the FBI said, if he (the employer) would report regularly to them on Feliciano's activities. In 1962, his apartment was sprayed with bullets during the night, and Feliciano has a scar on one elbow where he was hit. He reported this to the police that night, but to his knowledge no investigation was conducted by them.

Kunstler supposes that Feliciano was once more selected for attention in 1970 because, unlike the Young Lords who had aroused much sympathy in the city through their street actions, he was not likely to command support from the community. Two years after his arrest, his trial in the Bronx went on for two weeks without notice except in the Puerto Rican

Jose Yglesias is a journalist whose most recent books are Truth About Them *and* Down There *(World Publishing Company).*

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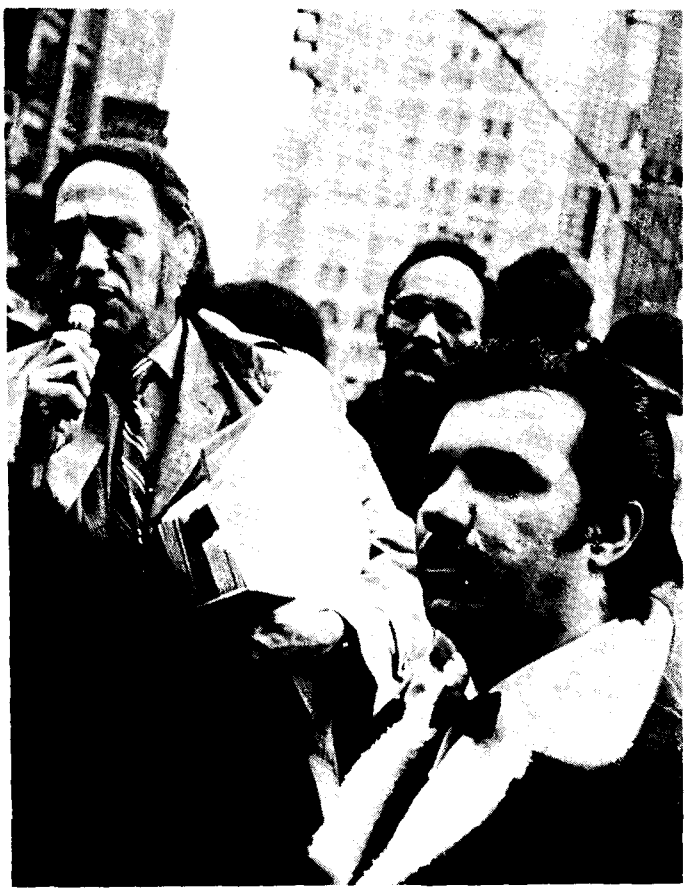
neighborhoods, and there was almost no press coverage. Yet Feliciano insists, "The people got me out of jail–I did not do it, they did." The Committee to Defend Carlos Feliciano will tell you that the victory is due to the organization and support of the Puerto Ricans here. They filled the courtroom each day. "I shall never forget the first time I walked into the courtroom and heard the noise of 200 people getting to their feet," Feliciano told me.



William Kunstler (left) and Carlos Feliciano

At first, after his arrest, he was very alone. He lived in the barrio in Harlem, a man of 40 with a wife and five children. Five days a week he had worked as a carpenter at a shop in the Bronx; in his spare time he was super for the slum apartment building where he lived. His one recreation had been hunting and he owned a rifle for which he had obtained a permit and which he kept on display on his living room wall. The scope for it was broken and he took it, one Saturday morning in May 1970, to Harry's Sporting Goods store in the East Bronx to get it fixed.

He was getting out of his car with the scope when two patrolmen stopped him and searched his car. In the trunk one found a loaf of bread which concealed a bomb. The patrolmen had been ordered to stop Feliciano moments earlier by two detectives, assigned to the Special Services Division of the New York Police, who had been following Feliciano for six weeks. It was one of the detectives, arriving at Feliciano's car after the patrolmen, who found a second bomb on the floor of the car by the front seat. They said the bombs were to go off in ten minutes. They threw them on the sidewalk, pulled at their wires, and smashed the attached clocks with their gun butts to deactivate them.

Feliciano was taken to the nearest Bronx precinct and a few hours later to Manhattan, to the office of the district attorney. He was arraigned first in Manhattan, where Assistant District Attorney John Fine, requesting high bail, alleged that Feliciano was a member of MIRA, "affiliated" with Cuba, responsible for many bombings, and "was about to place a bomb in the Armed Forces Recruiting Station in the Bronx" when arrested. A few days later he was arraigned in the Bronx. Feliciano pleaded not guilty at both arraignments and his total bail came to $275,000.

In jail, worrying about his family, he remembered the Young Lords' storefront headquarters that he had often passed in the barrio, and he wrote a letter to his wife Lydia advising her to ask them for help. In those days the Lords were much involved with community actions–breakfast programs, tuberculin testing, anti-drug education–and Feliciano hoped they would help his family to get on welfare. Ms. Feliciano, pregnant with their sixth child, had been baking pastries and selling them to neighbors from a table she set up in front of the apartment building. The Lords escorted her to the local welfare office, and Ms. Feliciano still laughs when she recalls the audacity with which those young people marched into the place and demanded and received immediate attention. But the most valuable action the Lords undertook for the Felicianos was to go down to St. Marks in the Bowery and introduce Reverend David Garcia to the Feliciano case.

Garcia was a handsome young Episcopalian priest of Chicano descent who, in two years as parish priest, totally transformed the services at St. Marks, putting aside the Hymnal and the Book of Common Prayer for services written by the congregation. A Peoples' Mass will, for example, contain a response in which the invocation of Christ's name will be followed by those of revolutionaries like Zapata, Albizu Campos, Bolivar, Che Guevara. "I saw in Feliciano's case," Garcia said one night over dinner at Ratner's, "the possibility for unleashing human potentiality." He saw too the humor of our discussing the case with Feliciano and other members of the Committee at this famous Jewish dairy restaurant–"especially since I understand that Judge Birns, whom the district attorney has chosen to try the case in Manhattan, owns the place!"

The Committee set about trying to get Feliciano's bail lowered and to in-

PHOTOS BY MAXIMO COLON

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terest lawyers who, unlike the barrio Latin whom Feliciano had hired, understood the political nature of the case. Conrad Lynn, a black lawyer, was the first to join the defense. Feliciano affectionately calls him "el negrito" because years ago he defended Albizu Campos. But after watching William Kunstler in action, Feliciano said, "William is my lawyer."

"Understanding the political nature of the case," is a phrase that all those concerned with the defense can spend a long time filling in. No other motive can explain, they will insist, the tenacity with which the prosecution pursued the case. For example, it took many months to reduce the bail to $50,000, since appeals had to be made in both the Bronx and Manhattan. This was still a sum that cost the Committee an enormous effort to raise, and when they expected to see Feliciano free, they learned that District Attorney Fine, with openly expressed pique that Feliciano was not pleading guilty, came up with a new charge—perjury. In completing the forms for a rifle permit, he had written no to the question whether he had ever been arrested, believing the question applied only to the United States. Bail for this new charge was $50,000. It was two weeks before the defense was able to get it reduced to $5,000, still an extraordinary amount of bail for perjury.

"I had been telling the children that their father was coming home this day," Ms. Feliciano explained, "and then came this new trick. I was desperate. I remember that on the way home I got off at Hunter College and began to talk to students there and they took me to some professors. I raised $300 more that afternoon. There was no one I would not talk to to raise money for Carlos." When Feliciano was freed on bail in the fall of 1971, he had already spent 17 months in jail.

In the early days of the case the Committee had been led to believe that the Bronx case, like the perjury charge later, was a peripheral matter. It was the Manhattan arraignment at which District Attorney Fine had made his charges of 41 bombings, Feliciano's membership in MIRA, his connection with Cuba—this was the case that was important. But the Bronx case was scheduled first, to their surprise, and they came to believe that it was crucial to the prosecution. They needed a conviction in the Bronx to bolster the Manhattan case. The charges in the Bronx were less sensational, however; they were totally confined to the Saturday morning when the two detectives followed Feliciano to 163rd Street and Southern Boulevard.

No mention of MIRA, nor of Cuba, and the 41 bombings were reduced to

March in New York barrio

a moment when the detectives say they saw Feliciano walk to an island at the intersection of those Bronx streets, kneel for a second between two Army recruiting booths there while holding a package in his hands, and then return to his car still carrying the package. This action appears as the first of six counts, as an attempt to damage a building.

The other five counts, consisting of possession of bombs and "reckless endangerment . . . under circumstances evincing a depraved indifference to human life" are based on what immediately followed. When Feliciano returned to his car, one of the detectives, hiding in the lobby of an apartment building across from it, says he saw with the aid of binoculars Feliciano open the trunk of his car, take out the package with the loaf of bread, and inadvertently allow the end of a pipe to peak out from the open end of the loaf. The detective decided this was a bomb, evidence for which he and other teams of detectives had kept Feliciano under surveillance for six weeks, and he ran out of the building, not toward Feliciano, who was now starting up his car, but toward his colleague who was returning from the intersection. He ordered his fellow detective to alert two patrolmen near the recruiting booths to stop Feliciano's car and search it for bombs; he then returned to his car, picked up his colleague after he had spoken to the patrolmen, and drove across the intersection to reach the patrolmen who,

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with the use of a commandeered taxi, had caught up with Feliciano. By then the patrolmen had found one bomb in the trunk and now the detective went to the front and found a second.

This was the prosecution's case, and before it came to trial there were signs that the district attorney was not entirely happy with it. He negotiated with the defense to reduce the charges in various ways if Feliciano would plead guilty. Each time Feliciano refused. Finally, the prosecution offered to drop all charges but "reckless endangerment" and promised there would be no jail sentence. Kunstler convinced Feliciano to accept what amounted to a victory, though Feliciano was reluctant, but the defense learned at the last moment that the district attorney had arranged with the judge that whatever compromise was reached Feliciano was to get six years. And so, despite the Bronx district attorney's wishes, the case came to trial this June.

Feliciano leaving jail after 17 months confinement

At one point toward the end of the trial, Kunstler reminded the jury not to expect, as in a Perry Mason novel, that someone other than the accused would get up in the courtroom and declare his guilt. By that point, however, he had already demolished the case, built around those 15 minutes on a prosaic Bronx intersection, with the kind of drama one really expects in fiction.

Kunstler was helped—probably crucially—by an extraordinary development that had been building up among the prosecution's witnesses since the arrest, one which explains the district attorney's interest in obtaining a plea of guilty and avoiding a trial. One of the patrolmen, a young man named Paul Zimmerman, who had been on the force three years, was irked early in the case by contradictions in the story of the senior detective who was the arresting officer, a man named Andrew Gutierrez. Patrolman Zimmerman would not tailor his own testimony to suit that of Gutierrez. At first, Zimmerman argued with his colleague on the beat (a rookie of three months who was more pliable), reminding him that "it's not our job as police officers to be prosecutors, but to tell the truth." The rookie had once said to Zimmerman, "What are you worrying about this guy Feliciano? He's no good, you know. Let him burn." The defense as much as the prosecution must have been surprised by Zimmerman's role in the case. He emerged as a kind of hero during the trial.

Zimmerman's posture resulted in hearings by the Internal Affairs Division of the Police Department, as well as questionings by police officials and district attorneys. In time the defense learned about these meetings, in a manner they will not reveal, and were able to obtain legally the transcripts of many of them. Introduction of evidence from these transcripts at the trial was devastating: the prosecution's story was replete with conflicting accounts by the four witnesses. At the Internal Affairs Division hearing, Detective Gutierrez became so angry with Patrolman Zimmerman that he shook his fist at him and accused him of being in the pay of radical organizations. In his summation, Kunstler said, "We had an opportunity to see some officers calling each other liars. That's extremely rare. It's so exceptional that I doubt if you or I will ever see it again."

What had bothered Zimmerman? If Gutierrez knew there were bombs in Feliciano's car and that they were possibly live, why did he send him and the rookie over so cavalierly to stop and search the car? Also, Zimmerman wondered, why had it taken the detectives some ten minutes to reach them at the other side of the intersection where Feliciano was parked? Indeed, the question was puzzling to a police official at one of the meetings. Why didn't Gutierrez, when he saw that there was a bomb in the trunk, simply dash over to the car and arrest Feliciano himself?

Patrolman Zimmerman's own questions, and the replies he received, disposed, first, of the count of attempting to damage a building, particularly if it was true that Feliciano never got out of his car or went to the recruiting

(Continued on Page 52)

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NIANTIC

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Morning drifts in
bringing pots
teeth
arms
soap
feet dragging to the
bathroom. Another prison camp,
damp Sunday morning – "ladies
if you're going to church please
bring your coats down with you.

–ladies,
please come . . lord Jesus
be our guest. . .
–ladies, come
with me, your dresses are too short
–ladies, girls
children, robots, degenerates–come
with me".
morning drifts in
bringing misery
loneliness
depression

PHOTO BY STEPHEN SHAMES

II

Endless music/sound that cover/disguises
reality. They sit shift groan squirm
yell scream moan pretend
to be
happy. They know they are
not. I know they are not.
Within these walls it is
loneliness that keeps us going,
hoping for freedom–
any second
minute
day
in the corner a woman sits,
huddles. Maybe crying on the in-
side for her children,
her life.

From *Fire and Rain*, by Ericka Huggins

by ericka huggins

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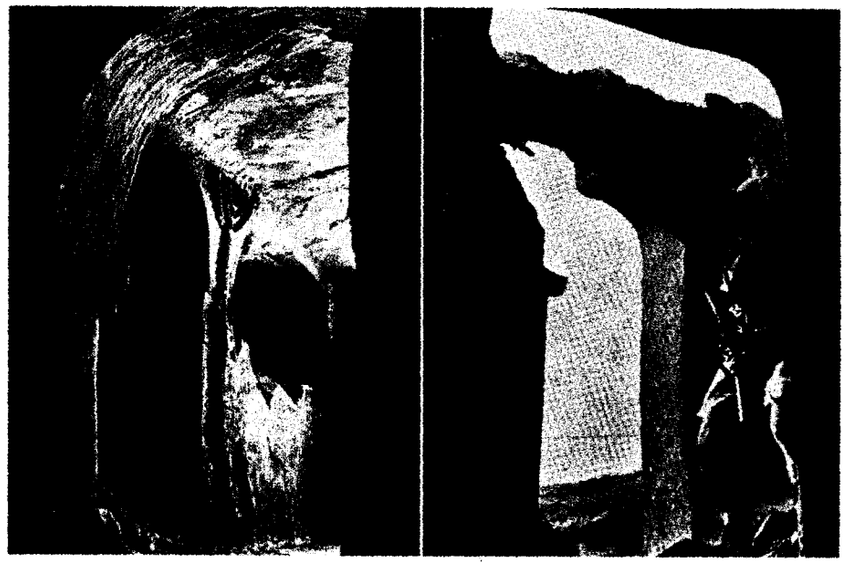
the mideast



DARK AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL

THE PRESENT CRISIS IN THE MIDDLE EAST ENCOMPASSES a tangle of issues and conflicts. There is a potential conflict between the two great imperial powers. Israel and the surrounding states are in a state of war. There are tensions, which have erupted in the past into a bloody war, between Palestinian Arabs and the largely Bedouin forces of Hussein. There are conflicts among the Arab states, in particular, a long-standing rivalry—in a sense, it goes back to the Biblical period—between Egypt and Iraq.

But overshadowing all of these is the conflict between two nations that claim the right of national self-determination in the same territory, which each regards as its historic homeland. The conflict is military, to be sure, but it has a moral dimension as well. The fact is that each of these competing claims is just in its own terms. Furthermore, each claim is in a sense "absolute"—a demand for survival.

I read not too long ago a formulation of this root problem, by an Israeli scientist now at Brandeis University, that seems to me to put the matter well. He writes:

> *As far as the Palestinians are concerned the origin of the conflict is the establishment of the Jewish society and eventually of the State of Israel in Palestine. They consider it a totally immoral act which resulted in the destruction of their society. This claim is to my mind beyond argument. The extenuating circumstance, namely, that European society has become an intolerable place for Jews to live in, can help to defend the moral motivations behind Zionism but cannot shed any doubt on the Palestinian moral grievance. It can also be used to promote understanding between two groups with a history full of suffering.*
>
> *On the other hand, the destruction of the Israeli society as a way to correct that moral injustice is blatantly immoral. Such a program in no way follows from the recognition of the grievance of the Palestinians. What does, however, follow is the recognition of the following principle:*
>
> *Palestinian Arabs and Israelis have equal rights in the whole territory of Mandate Palestine." (Daniel Amit)*

This principle he suggests as a "moral point of reference," which implies no specific practical steps, but which might serve as a framework for the adjudication of claims and the outline of a long-range program.

In fact, none of the parties in the conflict has accepted this principle, or any meaningful "moral point of reference" that might provide the framework for a just solution. Neither Israel nor any of the Palestinian organizations has unequivocally recognized the national rights of its opponent in this conflict between total justice and total justice. Neither has recognized unequivocally the right of the other to national self-determination, to independent national institutions, political, social and cultural, that express the character of their national life as they choose to develop it.

One might imagine a resolution of the fundamental issue—the conflict between Israeli Jews and Palestinian Arabs—that would accord, more or less, with this principle: perhaps a federation of predominantly Jewish and predominantly Arab areas, each preserving national institutions and retaining a high degree of self-government, but moving step-by-step towards closer integration, with parity between the two national communities, if conditions and the growth of mutual trust permit. However, rather than speculate about such possibilities—which seem remote at the present

Noam Chomsky's books include Syntactic Structure *(Humanities Press),* American Power and the New Mandarins, *and* Problems of Knowledge and Freedom *(Pantheon).*

by noam chomsky

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"a non-Jewish citizen suffers various forms of discrimination . . ."

"the demand for equal rights for Palestinians does not imply a demand for Arab dominance or a denial of Jewish national rights . . ."

PHOTOS BY ALAN COPELAND

time—we might better turn our attention first to a rather different outcome that seems to be taking shape.

[ABSORBING THE WEST BANK]

In March of this year, King Hussein of Jordan put forth a plan for a Jordanian federation which would include a Palestinian state in the West Bank territories captured by Israel during the Six-Day War. In responding to it, Prime Minister Golda Meir stated:

> *Israel will continue to pursue her enlightened policy in Judea and Samaria [i.e., the West Bank] and will maintain the policy of open bridges. She will continue to look after the provision of services to the inhabitants of Judea and Samaria, and will respect every peaceful and law-abiding citizen.*

The Israeli Parliament added: "The Knesset has determined that the historic right of the Jewish people to the Land of Israel [understood as including the West Bank] is beyond challenge." This declaration is the first official statement to that effect. Strictly speaking, it does not imply that the occupied territories are to be permanently retained. Taken in context, however, the declaration strongly suggests the intention to stand by these "historic rights." And it has been so understood by knowledgeable and sympathetic correspondents.

There is no doubt that the Israeli response to Hussein's proposal constituted a hardening of the Israeli position with regard to the West Bank. Minister Israel Galili, Premier Meir's political adviser who directs policy on settlement in the administered areas, stated on television that the River Jordan should become Israel's "agreed border—a frontier, not just a security border." (The Allon Plan, hitherto the minimal Israeli position, employed the term "security border" in referring to the Jordan River, suggesting the possibility of semi-independence for the West Bank.) Mrs. Meir added: "We do not agree that between Israel and Jordan there should be a Palestinian state." Such a state "could have only one simple purpose and that is to be a state which will press against Israel to 'liberate' the Palestinian homeland for the Palestinian people—that is, to throw the Israelis into the sea."

Given the actual balance of forces, the comment can only be reasonably interpreted as signifying a refusal to contemplate any form of independence for a "Palestinian entity." She went on to say that Israel would "certainly not encourage any organization or any voice which will say the West Bank is a separate Palestinian state, because our policy is against it." The phrase "not encourage" is something of a euphemism.

Whatever the conscious intentions of the Knesset may have been in announcing the historic rights of the Jewish people to the full Land of Israel, some form of indefinite Israeli occupation is implicit in the dynamics of the post-1967 situation. A headline in the journal *Maariv* stated that " 'General Time' is working for the benefit of Israel in Judea and Samaria" (Dec. 31, 1970). The article quotes Sheikh Muhammad Ali al-Jaabari who points out that "as the months pass, Israeli rule will be consolidated in these territories." In a speech that aroused some controversy, Defense Minister Dayan, by no means an extremist within the framework of Israeli political life, suggested that Israel

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should regard itself as the "permanent government" ("*memshelet keva*") in the occupied territories. A criticism from the right in the journal of the National Religious Party questioned the public statement of such views, suggesting rather that "whatever has to be done can be implemented without an explicit statement which could be viewed by the world as a proposal for official annexation."

Under the circumstances, integration of the occupied territories will appear to many to be the humane course, as suggested by Mrs. Meir's remarks, quoted above. After all, the Arabs must exist within some organized structure, and their standard of living may well rise under Israeli administration. Dissidents will be expelled or silenced. Collaborators will be found for local administration. Settlement will proceed apace. As Mr. Dayan explained: "We must devise a pattern of living and of situations which can be tolerated by the Arabs. By this I do not mean arrangements which are to their liking, but those they can live with, if they so wish." If they do not so wish, they can emigrate, with official blessings. Israel has the capability to develop a program of this sort, and there is every reason to expect that it will continue to receive public support.

Public opinion polls reinforce this natural expectation. The *Jerusalem Post* reported on January 8, 1970, that 41.5 percent of the population believe Israel should integrate the occupied territories into Israel and 86.4 percent favor widespread settlement throughout the areas, surely the prelude to further integration, in the real world. A year ago, the Israpol public opinion survey reported the following response to the question, "What territories should Israel be ready to relinquish in exchange for a peace settlement with the Arab countries?": Sinai–48 percent; Judea and Samaria–21 percent; the Gaza Strip–17 percent; Sharm el-Sheikh–3 percent; the Golan Heights–2 percent; Jerusalem–0.6 percent; no territory whatsoever–30 percent. A more recent poll indicates that 31 percent of the population wants to retain the whole of the Sinai, 56 percent West Bank, 73 percent Gaza, 91 percent Sharm el-Sheikh, and 92 percent the Golan Heights. Surely it is reasonable to expect that these attitudes will harden, if explicit decisions have to be made.

[ISRAEL: JEWS AND OTHERS]

At the time of the Six Day War in June 1967, I personally believed that the threat of genocide was real, and reacted with virtually uncritical support for Israel at what appeared to be a desperate moment. In retrospect, it seems that this assessment of the facts was dubious at best. Some Israeli military experts take a very different view. Reserve General Mattityahu Peled, a member of the Israeli General Staff during the Six Day War, wrote recently that Israel has, in his view, been in no real military danger from Arab attack since 1948, and that there was no threat of destruction in 1967; rather, Israeli forces greatly outnumbered the Egyptians in the Sinai, not to speak of the technological balance. By now it is clear that the potential dangers to Israel, in the short run at least, are not military. They are real, but they lie elsewhere.

One continuing danger, recently emphasized by the brutal massacre at the Lod airport and the tragedy in Munich, is that of terror, a weapon of the weak and the desperate which may continue to plague Israeli life. But there are other dangers, more subtle, but no less real, and disturbing to liberal Israelis. Professor Yehoshua Arieli, at the convention of the Movement for Peace and Security in February 1972, warned that current trends would lead to increased dependence on the United States, the consolidation of a "vested interest" of war profiteers, reliance on Arabs for unskilled manual labor, the deterioration of the democratic structure of the country:

> *If the status quo continues, the internal situation is likely to veer sharply towards non-homogeneity, non-identification with the goals of the Jewish State [meaning internal democracy, social justice, and the fundamental values of independent Jewish Labor], a lower intellectual level, internal disunity and fragmentation.*

Events in the Gaza region illustrate a continuing danger–not military, but moral. In recent months it has been reported that families of wanted terrorists from the Gaza Strip have been held for a year at a desert camp and permitted to return home only when the hunted man is killed or captured. In the Gaza area, thousands of acres have been fenced off by the Israeli army and thousands of Bedouins evacuated, their wells blocked to prevent return, and some homes and cultivated areas destroyed. The intention appears to be to "dissect the strip," to establish Israeli settlements, urban and rural, paramilitary and civilian, and a new Israeli port town. According to an estimate in the journal of the Labor Party, about one third of the Gaza Strip is to become "state land" (*Davar*, March 20, 1972). The expulsion of the Bedouins was revealed by members of neighboring Mapam Kibbutzim in violation of military censorship, setting off public protests by Israeli peace groups.

Protests may continue, but new facts are being created, in accord with the declaration of Minister Galili in 1969: "It can be said with absolute certainty that the Gaza Strip will not be separated from the State of Israel again." Peter Grose reports that the Gaza Strip "is gradually being assimilated into Israel" with "a pattern of carrot-and-stick tactics by the occupation administration." In fact, "economic integration with Israel is well advanced, and controversial preparations are under way for new Jewish settlements on land occupied in the 1967 Arab-Israeli war." There is an "apparent program not officially announced–to settle Jews in the rich farmlands of Gaza" and to resettle 3,000 Gaza residents yearly elsewhere in the region, he reports, quoting also a statement by Galili (March 27, 1972) that "Gaza will not again be separated from Israel."

Quite apart from the injustice of such deplorable policies as the use of families as hostages and population expulsion, the impact on Israeli society will surely be significant. In the first place, there will be protest and resistance. There are, for the first time, a number of resisters in Israeli prisons, refusing to serve in occupied areas. In the natural cycle, resistance will lead to repression. It is not impossible that dissident groups within the Oriental Jewish community, such as the Black Panthers, will find some common ground with Arabs in Israel and the occupied territories, in which case Israel will have many more than "one million time bombs" to concern it. This is particularly likely if the state, devoting substantial resources to military purposes, finds

(Continued on Page 53)

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THE RADICAL PHILATELIST

. . . said the dignified
gentleman i am not a glass eater
if you must know and that was not
a glass eye it was a pickled onion . . .

—Archy the Cockroach
The Best of Don Marquis

ROBERT FRIED · USA

TEN YEARS AGO THE UNITED STATES POST OFFICE MISprinted the color on a commemorative stamp dedicated to the late UN Secretary-General, Dag Hammarskjöld. Leonard Sherman of Irvington, New Jersey, happened to buy a sheet of the misprinted stamps—there were only three such sheets originally issued—and he thereby stood to become a semi-millionaire through the sale of his fifty stamps to mistake-hungry collectors.

But the Post Office ruled against such good luck. Postmaster General J. Edward Day ordered a million of the *mis*prints produced in order "to prevent inflated value of the few accidental inversions from depriving the average collector of the opportunity to purchase the unusual stamp." This incident was a living parable trying to maintain its balance between false pride (in the ownership of some anonymous printer's error) and false humility (an item becomes more valuable because there's something wrong with it).

The cost of a first-class stamp has since risen, on the installment plan, from 4 cents to 8 cents, but the criminal level of creative imagination which the postal bureaucracy wallows in to perpetuate itself remains priceless.

It was a combination of their announcement, in the spring of 1970, of the 6 cents to 8 cents escalation, together with the separate-but-equal massacres at Kent State and Jackson State, which provided San Francisco artist Bob Fried with the inspiration for his set of Non-Negotiable Eights.

His signature had previously become associated with the kind of flashy rock concert poster which prompted Mort Sahl to comment on the need for a new vocational category, that of translating the lettering on psychedelic posters. He also did a poster advertising a play by the son of Joseph Alioto, in which a priest balled a parishioner of the female persuasion right on stage. Later, the embarrassed mayor severely spanked his son with a soiled copy of *Look* magazine.

Stamp-art wasn't totally new to Fried, however. He had once designed "first day covers" used by the Post Office. These were special envelopes for commemoratives, one of the lower forms of promotional propaganda, ranging from the Panama Canal to the Campfire Girls.

But now he had to take care of business himself: purchasing stock with dry glue on the back; learning the subtleties of perforation; dealing with the legal aspects of his fantasy.

He consulted Michael Stepanian, a soccer player and dope lawyer who went to see the original Broadway production of the play *Lenny* during a visit to New York, stood up and shouted "Bullshit!" in a crowded theater, then split. Stepanian in turn consulted retired Postal Inspector G. B. Uttley, who, on the basis of 25-years experience in the field, gave the following recommendation:

"The maker plans to sell the stamps in sheets of 135 stamps, for $10.00, which amounts to about 7.4 cents per stamp. If he sells a large quantity, and a large quantity is used in lieu of legal postage, a Postal Inspector may, for the sake of expediency, persuade a United States Attorney that the maker is defrauding the government by receiving the money otherwise due the Post Office Department. This would, of course, only apply to the extent that mailings of this type would transit the postal channel without being detected. Despite all the governmental precautions, there will be a certain volume of this type of mail.

"Therefore, to protect the manufacturer, I would recommend that in connection with the distribution and sale of the stamps, be clearly advised as follows: CAUTION—Not Valid for Postage—Not to be Used on Address Side of Mail Matter. As a minimum, I believe this should be imprinted or stamped at least once on the margin of each sheet. Better still, if production costs or artistic considerations do not rule it out, would be to print a com-

Paul Krassner is Editor and Zen Bastard of The Realist, *and author* How a Satirical Editor Became a Yippie Conspirator in Ten Easy Years *(The Realist, 595 Broadway, New York, NY 10012).*

PHOTO BY ROGER MULKEY

by paul krassner

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parable warning on the gummed side of each stamp during processing. As a very minimum, I believe the manufacturer should protect himself by warning the purchaser in some manner which is later clearly demonstrable as an effective warning, and as an adequate disclaimer of his responsibility for any ultimate mis-use by the purchaser."

Although Bob Fried didn't heed this advice, he managed to stay out of trouble.

Then along came Oakland artist Bill Farley. He printed up a batch of commemorative stamps featuring a back view of his very own head. And people actually used them—oh, sin of sins—*on the address side* of their envelopes! So he got a surprise visit from the Secret Service. I mean those guys have to spend their time doing *some*thing when they're not guarding presidential candidates from each other's rhetoric.

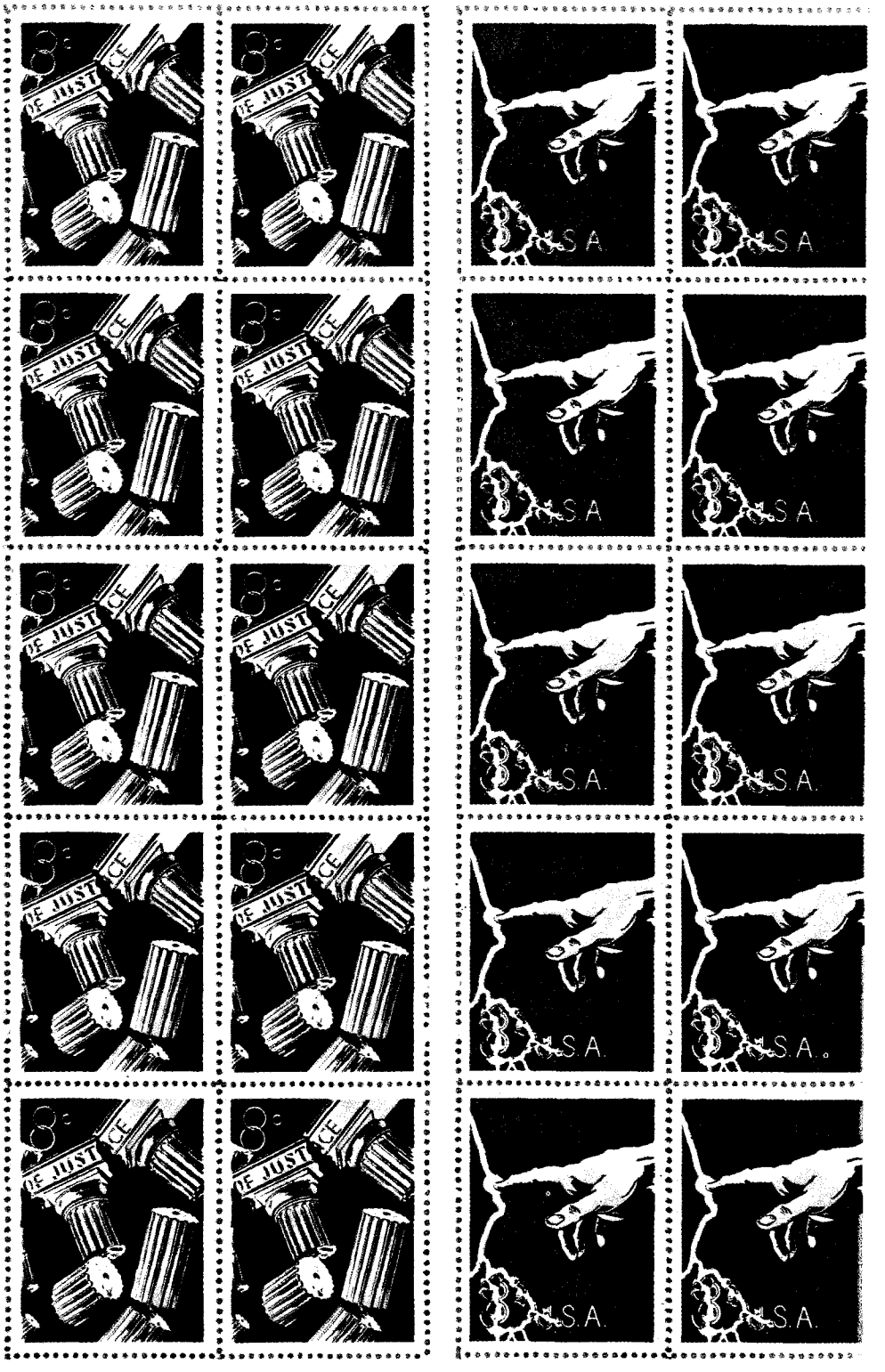
Life magazine, in a sudden attempt at unintentional humor, suggested some new commemoratives—apparently interchangeable—such as The First Dance Marathon, The First Congressional Brawl, The First Flea Circus.

As for Fried, several weeks after he finished his first stamp, "8 cents of Just Ice"—but a few months before the entire edition went on display at the Hansen Fuller Gallery—a bomb exploded in the San Rafael courthouse.

It's difficult to say where art ends and politics begins. Is there really a line, after all, that separates unintentional voodoo and deliberate sabotage?

As Archy the Cockroach—diving onto the keys of his boss's typewriter. but unable to operate the shift key which makes capital letters—quoted that dignified gentleman:

. . . i suppose
the next thing will be a law
on the statute books prohibiting
the consumption of pickled onions . . .



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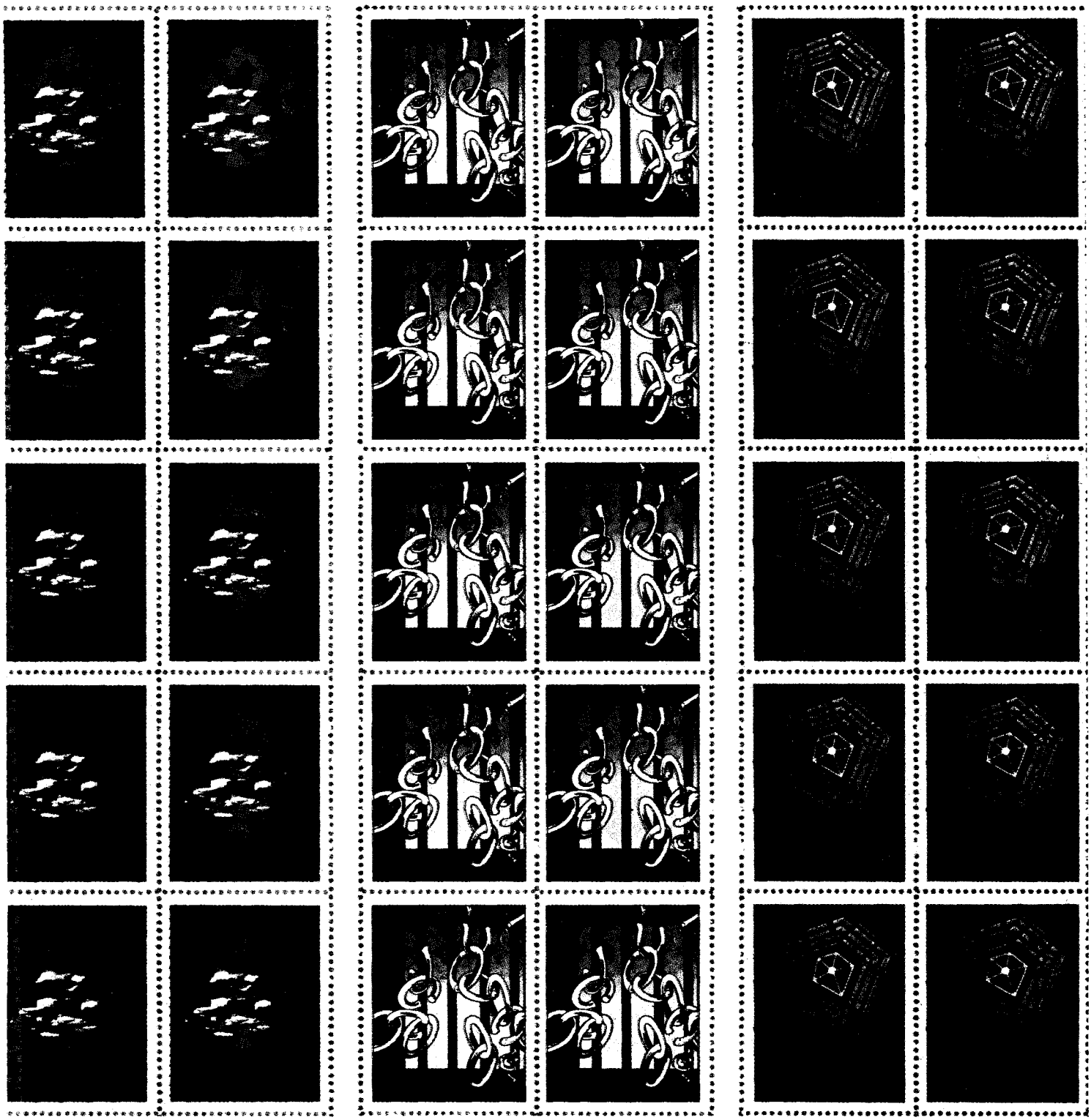

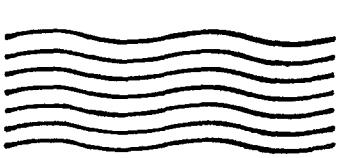

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Washing Vegetables in the Pond NGUYEN PHAN CHANH

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FIZZLE IN THE LAKE

by ngo vinh long

Fire in the Lake: The Vietnamese and the Americans in Vietnam, by Frances FitzGerald, Little, Brown and Company, $12.50.

Fire in the Lake has become an instant hit with liberal America. It has all the conspicuous requisites of a big best-seller. First, it has a "correct" political position: it is antiwar. Still, the antiwar sentiments are only peripheral to the theme of the book and the same sentiments have been more skillfully evoked in many other places. The second, and the main, reason for the popularity of the book lies in its cocksure analysis of the Vietnamese mentality and culture. And yet, few critics of the book have so far raised any question as to whether it is appropriate to explain the Vietnam situation exclusively in terms of mentality and culture. And if it is indeed appropriate, then whether the premises and the facts used for developing such an analysis are properly stated in this book. The consensus view of *Fire in the Lake* seems to be that, because the book is antiwar, and because it "makes a lot of sense," therefore the approach must be sound. As is the case with most consensus views, this judgment should be carefully scrutinized.

We learn at the start of this book that it is a *cultural misunderstanding* that has set Vietnam and the United States on conflicting courses:

> *In going into Vietnam the United States was not only transporting itself into a different epoch of history; it was entering a world qualitatively different from its own. Culturally as geographically Vietnam lies half a world from the United States.... To find the common ground that existed between them, both Americans and Vietnamese would have to re-create the whole world of the other, the whole intellectual landscape.*

This being the case, the author sets out to analyze the Vietnamese "state of mind." Fortunately, the Vietnamese state of mind is quite simple to grasp. It is basically Chinese, because both the Vietnamese and the Chinese are Confucian. To understand the Vietnamese, then, we need only refer to the right Confucian text: "In the *I Ching*, the ancient Chinese Book of Changes, lie all the clues to the basic design of the Sino-Vietnamese world."

It would be nice if things were as simple as Frances FitzGerald would like the reader to believe. But even in China they have not always gone by the book, the Book of Changes included. Debates and interpretations of the *I Ching* have been as varied in China as have been arguments over the Bible in Christian countries. Furthermore, the *I Ching* was only a book of divination and only one of the many Confucian Classics. Not all Chinese were Confucians. There were the Mo-ists, Legalists, Logicians, Taoists, Buddhists and hosts of variations on these.

As for the Vietnamese, the historian Le Van Sieu says,

> *The Vietnamese people could not find in the dry and rational Confucianism of the Chinese any source of spiritual consolation for their wretched situation. For those whose loved ones were indiscriminately killed, Confucian philosophy could not explain to them the savage and cruel acts committed by those who called themselves sons and nephews of the saint.*

The Vietnamese resisted Confucianism. True, they did borrow selectively from China and other countries, if only to be in a position to "use the old man's cane to beat him on his own back." (*Gay ong dap lung on*) But, in general, Confucianism clashed with the more relaxed traditional customs and beliefs of the Vietnamese, as well as with Buddhism, which flourished more widely in Vietnam. Even Joseph Buttinger, who works only with Western language sources, had to conclude in his book *The Smaller Dragon* (note the comparison to China as the "greater dragon") that "Chinese culture had not penetrated into the masses of the Vietnamese." Alexander Woodside shows in his book *Vietnam and the Chinese Model* that even the Vietnamese ruling class in the early part of the 19th century, a period in which Chinese institutions were imported *en masse*, was quite different from the Chinese.

But never mind. Frances FitzGerald needs no more than the *I Ching* to show that the Vietnamese world is a "spherical Confucian universe," a "closed circle." In fact, we learn it is the overlap of closed concentric circles:

> *For traditional Vietnamese the sense of limitation and enclosure was as much a part of individual life as of the life of the nation.... As the family provided the model for village and state, there was only one type of organization. Taken together, the three formed a crystalline world, geometrically congruent at every level.*

What emerges from this Cartesian game is a sweeping theory of Vietnamese society that explains everything past, present and future. Since Vietnam is a Confucian world of closed circles, it is not a "pluralistic world." FitzGerald writes,

> *In the traditional Vietnamese family–a family whose customs survived even into the twentieth century–the father held absolute authority over his wife (or wives) and children ... The emperor held a similar power over the great family of the empire ... The Vietnamese were not interested in pluralism, they were interested in unanimity.*

And because they were not interested in pluralism, they did not believe in intellectual freedom:

> *Intellectual freedom, of course, implies intellectual diversity. Westerners tend to take that diversity for granted, for the Western child, even of the narrowest background, grows up with a wide variety of authorities–parents, teachers, clergy, professional men, artists, scientists, and a host of other experts. The traditional Vietnamese child, however, grew up into a monolithic world composed of the family and its extensions in the state. For him there was no alternative to the authority of the father*

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and no question of specialized knowledge.

So says Frances FitzGerald, without citing a single source to support all her generalizations. But even a person with the narrowest background on either China or Vietnam should know that the Confucian concept of "king, teacher and father" teaches one to respect teacher over father. That every village contained all the authorities mentioned above, with the possible exception of the "scientists" as the word is now defined. That a Vietnamese child was taught precisely to respect "specialized knowledge." (For he was flooded with adages such as "A hundred clever persons are not the equal of one with skill" (*Tram hay khong bang tay quen*); "A mastery of a single profession is a life of glory" (*Nhat nghe tinh nhat than vinh*); and literally hundreds of folk tales and stories to the same effect.) That knowledge was to be gained primarily away from home: "A day on the road is a bushel of wisdom learned" (*Di mot dang, hoc mot sang khon*). And that "A child who excels his father shows that his family has good fortune" (*Con hon cha la nha co phuoc*).

In fact, by stressing the absolute authority of the Vietnamese father, FitzGerald contradicts the only source that she uses to generalize on the "traditional Vietnamese family." Phan Thi Dac, the author of that sourcebook, points out that the Vietnamese father usually sought to persuade his children in case of disagreement, but seldom imposed his will on them. It was not at all rare that he would back down. In general, he would be happy to turn all his affairs, as well as the future of his younger children, over to his elder sons. In doing so he would be praised by his neighbors for being blessed with young children who could manage the affairs of the grown-ups.

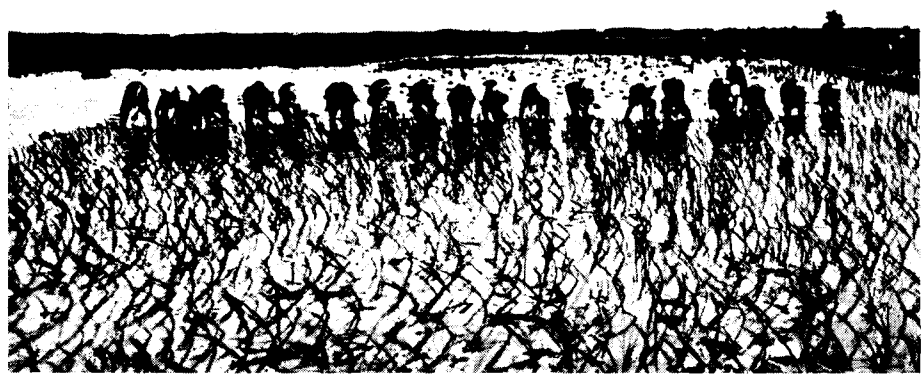
The Vietnamese mother was also a principle source of authority in the family. She was the "General of the Interior" (*Noi tuong*). The father asked for her opinions in most matters. An old adage advised that "husbands and wives who are the equals can dry up the Eastern Sea" (*Dong vo dong chong tat bien dong cung can*). And Vietnamese husbands were proud to say, "The wife comes first and the king of heaven second" (*Nhat vo nhi troi*).

So absolute was the authority of the Vietnamese father, FitzGerald writes, that "it was traditionally the father (the adults) who in times of famine or other disaster had claim to the first available food—even if it meant leaving the children to starve." This might have happened in Vietnam at isolated moments, but according to the historian Le Van Sieu:

> *. . . The Vietnamese have prized their children above all precious things in life. They prize their children to such a degree that in their devotion to them they do not mind death. All behavior is then directed toward the kind of benevolence and kindness that will result in leaving behind virtue (*Duc*) for their children.*
>
> *When a child is born, the first thing people do is check to see whether there is a toe or a finger lacking or in excess. Any abnormality would not be an indication of embarrassment for the child but for the parents because it means that they must have led a greedy or cruel life or something of the sort. If the child grows up and follows an evil path so that he is imprisoned or killed, his parents will not blame it on him but say "our family has been unvirtuous . . . ."*
>
> *The effect of the parents' doing on the children is believed by the Vietnamese to be a real, everpresent thing . . . This belief is not like the belief of reincarnation for the individual in Buddhism. Neither is it the product of Confucianism.*

Leading a virtuous life in Vietnam means to care for the weak and the helpless. For this reason, as Phan Thi Dac points out in the book from which FitzGerald draws very selectively, the youngest children and the aged grandparents are always given the best food available.

But it is necessary for Ms. FitzGerald to insist on the absolute authority of the "traditional Vietnamese father." For it is from this premise that she makes all sorts of deductions to answer a vast array of questions concerning Vietnam.



First, "Unlike the Westerner, the Vietnamese child is brought up not to follow certain principles, but to accept the authority of certain people." This is so because the authority of the father is absolute and because the "Confucian texts defined no general principles." Also, the Chinese ideograms

> *used by the Vietnamese until the mid-nineteenth century . . . were without abstraction . . . The ideograms for such abstract notions as "fear" or "pleasure" were composed of pictures of concrete events (the picture of a man, a house, and*

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so on) and to the highly literate these events were always visible within the larger world.

In making these assertions FitzGerald does not take into account the five Confucian principles of benevolence, righteousness, propriety, wisdom, and trustworthiness which formed the basic core of Confucian education and practice. Nor does she take into account the fact that only a very small segment of the Vietnamese population at any period in time used the Chinese writing. Nor the distinction to be made between pictograms and ideograms: not only are the radicals in the Chinese characters highly abstract to begin with (two strokes mean ice, three mean water, four, fire, etc.), but a huge percentage of the Chinese vocabulary is comprised of words made by combining these radicals with meaningless phonetic symbols. Even the "highly literate" Chinese seldom sees "pictures of concrete events" in the Chinese ideograms.

Nevertheless, these facts don't prevent FitzGerald from drawing the conclusion that the Vietnamese don't think in the abstract (roll over, Levi-Strauss!). Acceptance of the authority of certain people and inability (or unwillingness) to think in the abstract mean that "the Vietnamese traditionally understood politics not in terms of programs or larger social forces, but in terms of the individual." Hence Frances FitzGerald's explanation of the American failure in Vietnam as well as her account of the success of the Viet Minh and the National Liberation Front: the Americans have "occupied themselves almost exclusively with the development of policies and programs," while the "Viet Minh and the Viet Cong presented to the Vietnamese of the twentieth century" the picture of "a leader who, in his absolute rectitude, his puritanical discipline, would lead the community back to the strength and vigor of its youth."

While leaders have been quite important during the course of the Vietnamese revolution, FitzGerald greatly underrates the importance of the difference between the programs of the NLF and those of the United States and the Saigon regime. In fact, the only NLF program that FitzGerald considers successful was land reform: "it did give the peasants in a large part of the Delta a right to the crops they produced and a sense of their own bargaining power, their equality vis-à-vis the landlords." In other words, not only did the peasants get something concrete out of the land reform program, but they were elevated to the same status as that of the landlords. This especially helped, because, as we know, "the Vietnamese traditionally understood politics not in terms of programs or larger social forces." And so the land reform

made the new proprietors see the advantage of maintaining an NLF presence somewhere in the neighborhood, but it did not by itself convince them of the necessity of an NLF government, nor did it often persuade them to give up their hopes for a quiet, secure life and go out to fight for the NLF.

Also, since the Vietnamese don't think in the abstract they can hardly have been expected to respond to the NLF call for freedom, national independence, or nationalism. "Apart from racial or cultural opposition," FitzGerald writes, " 'nationalism' is, after all, a most difficult abstraction."

But how does Frances FitzGerald account for the manner in which the Vietnamese peasants have nevertheless participated in the national struggles for hundreds of years, especially for the sake of national independence and freedom—these gross abstractions? There are two explanations for this, we learn. First of all, their commitment derives from the "Will of Heaven," a Confucian concept. This is *not* an abstraction. Because when the Will of Heaven manifests itself,

the element of personal leadership is of the highest importance, for the Vietnamese do not look upon government as the product of a doctrine, a political system that hangs somewhere over their heads, but as an entire way of life, a Tao, exemplified by the person of the ruler.

But how is this Tao, this entire way of life, exemplified by the ruler, if not through some kind of social or political program? We are not told.

This dubious "Will of Heaven" concept allows Frances FitzGerald to explain away the Vietnamese revolution without having to consider the social, economic and political factors behind it. Because the Will of Heaven manifested itself, she claims, "In August 1945 the whole city of Hanoi turned about on itself within the space of a few days.... Ho Chi Minh's revolution in Hanoi succeeded mainly because there was nothing to oppose it." On the other hand, when the Will of Heaven was not yet clear, such as during the Diem period, the peasants chose the "middle way": "Caught between two competing regimes, the peasant did not assert his right to decide

(Continued on Page 56)

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POOR DEREK'S ALMANAC

by derek shearer

In a growing number of cities around the country–Boston, San Francisco, New York, Cleveland–*People's Yellow Pages* have been appearing. An alternative to Ma Bell's Yellow Pages, these directories list anti-war groups, free health clinics, ecology groups, carpentry collectives, tenants' organizations, legal aid communes, crafts cooperatives, alternative schools, day care centers, as well as individuals who have skills and information to share.

To help people interested in starting a People's Yellow Pages in their own city, the group which compiled the Boston edition has produced a pamphlet entitled *Getting Together A People's Yellow Pages: An Overground Underground Toward Social Changes.* The pamphlet lists directories of this sort which have appeared around the country. Copies cost 50 cents each. (Write: Vocations for Social Change, 353 Broadway, Cambridge, Mass. 02139. Telephone: (617) 661-1570.)

The National Organization of Vocations for Social Change serves as a clearinghouse for information on radical projects and lists work opportunities with alternative institutions. VSC publishes the monthly magazine *Work Force,* which contains listings of available jobs, articles on organizing, and a resource section to help people develop their own projects. VSC will send you a single copy of *Work Force* free, but they cannot afford a large free mailing list and so must charge $10 for a year's subscription. Prisoners and GIs however will be put on the mailing list at no cost. (Write: Vocations for Social Change, Box 13, Canyon, California 94516. Telephone: (415) 376-7743.)

News of political work, including publications, films, slide shows, etc., should be addressed to Derek Shearer, RAMPARTS *Magazine, 2054 University Ave., Berkeley, California 94704.*

Citizens' groups in cities like Philadelphia and Atlanta have recently been fighting rate hike requests by private electric companies. It is an old story–how the utilities milk the public–well-documented by Senator Lee Metcalf and his legislative aide Vic Reinemer in their muckraking book *Overcharge* (McKay, 1967). Municipally-owned power companies (as opposed to private companies like Georgia Power or Pacific Gas and Electric) can produce lower cost electricity for consumers and at the same time raise revenue for a city's budget.

In Northern California, eleven cities have formed the Northern California Power Agency to purchase low-cost power from the Federal government. Mayor Gary Gillmor of Santa Clara, one of the Agency's member cities, has stated that over the last five years the residents of his town saved $8 million on their power bills over what they would have had to pay at Pacific Gas and Electric rates. In Palo Alto, another Agency city, the municipal power agency last year brought the city $3.7 million in revenues as compared to $1.5 million in property taxes.

A similar argument–that public ownership of the phone company would make possible free local service–is outlined in the pamphlet *The Case Against AT&T* by Ed Greer and Michael Tanzer, published by the New American Movement. (For copies of the AT&T pamphlet and information on NAM's Economic Task Force, write: New American Movement, 2421 Franklin Avenue Southeast Minneapolis, Minnesota 55406.)

The last few years have seen a resurgence of cooperative enterprise in America. "Food conspiracies"–cooperative food purchasing groups –have sprung up in nearly every large city, particularly in areas where young people are concentrated. Cooperative bookstores, bakeries, and car repair shops have been launched, and in some university towns such as Ann Arbor new cooperative housing projects are underway.

Cooperative enterprise (in which profits are returned to members and consumers have control of management) has a long, though somewhat checkered, history in the U.S., going back to Robert Owen's 19th century utopian community of New Harmony, Indiana, and agricultural co-ops like the Grange and the Farmers' Alliance. Suffering from a shortage of capital and a lack of technical know-how, few co-ops survive, and those that do often turn inward and become politically moribund.

People who see the new co-op movement as an agent of radical social change would do well to read a special report on the movement by Richard J. Margolis which appeared in the April 17, 1972, issue of *The New Leader,* a liberal biweekly. Titled "Coming Together–The Cooperative Way: Its Origins, Development and Prospects," copies of the special report cost 50 cents each, 100 copies for $45. (Write: New Leader Reprint Dept., 212 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010). Margolis' 35-page article, based on six months' field work, surveys the historical background of co-ops and considers the current state of co-ops in farming, food, health, and housing.

If you're interested in starting a co-op, or broadening the ties of an already existing co-op, you should be aware of the North American Student Cooperative Organization (NASCO). Founded in 1968, NASCO provides technical assistance to co-ops and keeps them in touch via its publications, including the monthly *Journal of the New Harbinger* ($6 a year), which has featured special issues on such subjects as food co-ops and co-op financing; the monthly *News Bulletin* of the co-op movement ($2 a year); the annual *Community Market Catalog* ($1 a year), which keeps track of available co-op merchandise and describes various co-op stores; and the annual *Directory of Student and Community Co-ops* ($1 a year).

(For these publications and further information on how to join NASCO, write: North American Student Cooperative Organization, 2546 Student Activities Bldg., Ann Arbor, Michigan 48104. Telephone: (313) 663-0889.)

Since this column began in October, I have begun receiving mail with suggestions and materials from readers. Elaine Reuben of Madison, Wisconsin,

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sent me a copy of the *Daily Cardinal,* the university's student paper, which describes the Madison Sustaining Fund, a money-raising and distributing cooperative which provides funds for alternative organizations in the Madison community. Begun a year ago by eight movement organizations which realized how fund-raising can drain time and energy from a non-establishment organization, the Fund has established a kind of counter Community Chest or United Fund.

One program called Community Chip consists of a voluntary five percent mark-up at movies shown by participating groups and a penny-on-the-dollar mark-up on retail goods sold by participating co-ops and stores. Another program, the Community Cache, is based on a system of personal and/or group monthly pledges. Organizers are pressing the university to allow automatic payroll check-offs for employees, as they do for the United Way.

If you'd like more information or have specific questions about setting up such a fund (and avoiding tax hassles and establishing criteria for distributing the money) write: Madison Sustaining Fund, P.O. Box 1187, Madison, Wisconsin 53701.

Another useful source on fund-raising is the paperback guide *The Bread Game,* written by members of two liberal west coast foundations. It explains in detail how to apply for foundation grants, set up a tax exempt organization, etc. Copies cost $1.95. (Write: Glide Publications, 330 Ellis Street, San Francisco, California 94102. Telephone:(415) 771-6300.)○

LEAKS *(From Page 26)*
was (1) to arouse media interest through an article in *The Washington Monthly;* (2) to arouse congressional interest through the media and the pressure of citizens who would write to their congressmen about what they read in the press (in fact, more than 50 congressmen made inquiries to the Pentagon during the first month); and, (3) to bring suit in the courts against the Secretary of Defense to end the domestic surveillance programs. In Pyle's words, "To move in one area was insufficient. To move in all three areas raised the possibility of change."

Pyle started his campaign because he believed that military spying on civilians was "unconstitutional, illegal, immoral, and a waste of money." He was also curious "to see if I could stick my finger in the system and make it change."

He was successful beyond his expectations as large numbers of former military intelligence personnel came forth with their own accounts of the program. Senator Sam Ervin (D.–North Carolina) became interested and held extensive congressional hearings on the subject. Finally, in December 1970, the Army issued an order stopping the surveillance of civilians and the accumulation of data. Three months later the Department of Defense as a whole followed suit.

Pyle's example is unusual in that he actually succeeded in stopping a government activity he considered to be wrong. Others, like Daniel Ellsberg, have not had such luck.

But if Ellsberg did not accomplish his goal of ending the war, he did at least become a symbol and an inspiration for government workers who oppose U.S. involvement in Vietnam. In July 1971, for example, hundreds of bureaucrats calling themselves Federal Employees for Democratic Society (FEDS) threw a banquet in his honor. They presented him with their Man-of-the-Year award–a huge declassifying stamp.

Ellsberg's release of the Pentagon Papers inaugurated a period of leaking which reached a culmination of sorts last May, following Nixon's decision to mine Haiphong harbor. In Cambridge, Massachusetts, a group of Vietnam veterans and anti-war activists formed an Ad-Hoc Military Build-Up Committee. It publicized its phone number through the anti-war underground and invited GI's to call collect with news of military deployments. The information received in Cambridge was then organized and passed on to the press for publication. In this manner, the Ad Hoc Committee announced that B-52 strikes against Haiphong were being planned days before the raids actually occurred. The source: young airmen involved in the targetting operation at Hickam Air Force Base on Hawaii.

An intelligence network of this sort would have been the envy of any self-respecting foreign spy. In the words of *Washington Star* reporter James Doyle, "in any other war, what [the Ad Hoc Committee is] doing probably would have been prosecuted as espionage. The activities of the Committee are the latest example of the trouble deep within the armed services over the Indochina war." No doubt the Pentagon must find disturbing the prospect that, in the future, American forces will probably not be able to react to a crisis with any degree of secrecy–assuming a fairly high level of opposition within military ranks to the underlying policy. In fact, the time may be approaching, if it is not here already, when the U.S. government no longer can keep any secret for long.

To be sure, the Nixon Administration has tried to crack down on leaks, as have others before it. After the revelations about military spying on civilians, the Defense Department quickly moved to bar non-career servicemen from the military intelligence field. It reasoned that "lifers" are more likely to agree with government policy and to fear the risks of leaking than are short-term soldiers.

In addition, the Administration has frequently ordered investigations of leaks. After a major disclosure on the SALT Talks in July 1971 (the *New York Times* had printed the American bargaining position even before it was presented to the Soviets), FBI agents roamed the State Department looking for the culprit (who was generally assumed to be in the Pentagon). Lie detector tests were given to a few prime suspects, but the guilty person was never caught, as is almost always the case.

In fact, investigations are started not so much to catch the actual leak-

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ers as to intimidate those who might try it in the future. A general has described how he was placed in charge of investigating a leak for which he himself was responsible. A former CIA official tells how the CIA director once ordered a search for a leaker when the director himself had ordered a subordinate to give to a newsman the information in question. The director's main intent, it seems, was to frighten lower-level employees who might get ideas from his example.

Because of the difficulty of actually cutting off unauthorized leaks, the Nixon Administration has sought to defend itself by diminishing the number of government employees with access to sensitive information. Through this process, the State Department has been virtually eliminated from major foreign policy questions such as the Vietnam peace negotiations and the rapprochment with China.

The technique has been tried before—with poor results. It usually turns out that, if the bureaucracy does not know what is going on, the bureaucracy cannot function. And if the bureaucracy cannot function, then the work falls upon those few people around the President who supposedly can keep secrets. They find they cannot handle the load and so the circle of knowledgeable people gradually expands, and the leaks eventually start up again.

A more serious effort to curtail leaks may come on the heels of the Supreme Court's *Caldwell-Branzburg* decision, according to which reporters can be compelled to name their confidential sources. Already, Peter Bridge of the *Newark Evening News* has served three weeks in jail for refusing to tell a grand jury certain information about the Newark Housing Authority. If the Administration uses this tool to catch a few leakers, it could seriously curtail the authorized leak phenomenon.

In the meantime, however, the leaks continue, and will continue so long as the government does in secret what it cannot defend in public. As long as the government's actions continue to outrage the ordinary people it relies on to carry out policy, some of those ordinary people are likely to go on blowing their whistles.○

SOLDIER *(From Page 32)*

the porch holding up the doorway. I could see it in his eyes. He wouldn't make the same mistake the next time, if there were a next time. Jesus, I thought. Give me a battalion of this type and I'd clean up Vietnam by myself.

Two of our men had been hit by the explosion. I didn't remember even hearing the grenade detonate, except vaguely perhaps. That's how unimportant grenades were—for me, at least. I had seen them all over the world and had used them and had had them used against me, over and over. I did not respect them as a weapon. They were charges. They blew up and out. Lay one out at arms-length, stay down flat, and the worst it could do to you was give you a concussion. Run, and you got some shrapnel in your ass. I liked the grenade for its psychological impact, but not for the way it was used in the movies. Everybody has seen the same scene: the grenade goes in, the walls explode out, people catapult through the roof, and the entire building collapses. Crap. One day I'd probably lose my ass for not getting down all the way, but one thing was for sure: I still had the stud in my sights, and I wouldn't have if I'd hit the dirt along with everyone else.

Someone went over and yanked the body out of the bush. He had a radio, a pouch of documents, and about four or five more grenades. Someone shouted, "Grenade!" again, and this time we all hit it, including the stud. It came right off the porch and laid up against the cement and exploded between us. There were ricochets, and I got a mouthful of sand, but nobody else was hurt. I bounced back up right behind the blast and the stud was still down on his stomach. It damn sure hadn't been his.

"Watch him," I said and turned to LeRay. "That grenade came from the building. You take that side and I'll take this one." I turned the muzzle of the M-16 west and followed it around the building. I heard LeRay fire. Just then a grenade exploded and I got around the building just in time to see LeRay kicking away the reeds and dragging the body from between the false walls. The guy had been wedged into a section about the size of a bird cage. LeRay nudged the bloody body with his foot. "A loser, sir," he said quietly, gently, with that same catch in his voice that you hear in the movies just before the tears. "A goddamned loser-dink." He rolled it over gently. The guy had been a real trooper and he had tried just as he had been told, just as so many of our kids had been told and would have tried had they been in his place. Uncle Ho would never even know the poor bastard was dead, nor would he have given a shit had he known. Like those on our side, he was just another statistic. We left him there in the dirt.

"Take them back to the LZ and get them on the first birds along with the wounded," I said, and turned back to the brush, still kicking around. There was no sense starting out in any other direction. LeRay had seen to it that we had men all through the village and it was getting close to dusk. Franklin wanted me on the net, so I moved back into the clearing and took the hand-set.

"This is Involved Six. Over."

"This is Speedster," he said. Damn it, he never used the correct call-signs. "What's the story? Over."

I gave it to him as best I could, and when I was done he told me a Vietnamese unit was coming in "just to make it legal." There would be a U.S. advisor with them, he said, and I was to turn over any detainees.

"Too late. Already out at the LZ ready for extraction."

He got nasty. He wanted them turned over to the advisor and the Vietnamese. If they were out on the LZ already, then I was to stop and do as he said. "Over." Franklin switched.

"This is Six. Roger. Out."

It was too late. I could hear the birds coming in to the LZ. I'd have to explain later, I knew, but then those were the breaks of the game. I turned back to LeRay.

"Anything going?"

Before he could answer, firing broke out to the south and we were off and moving. "Get on the net and get the word out that we've got South Viets in the area," I shouted to him. Smitty

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came in on the path behind me just as Warden trotted breathlessly around the bend toward us. He was sweating like a coal miner the day after the strike, and I guessed that one of two things had happened: either our guys had opened up on the South Vietnamese accidentally or else the South Viets had been shooting indiscriminately, as they were so prone to do.

I was wrong on both counts.

Warden poured out his story. The U.S. advisor to the Viet police had met him enroute to the LZ and had, Warden said, "assumed responsibility" for the detainees.

"So I turned them over," he continued. "Then they just started questioning them and blowing their heads off, sir."

That was the firing I had heard to the south. We started back down the trail at a trot. An outright run was out of the question because, more than likely, if you broke out of the bush running, you were a dead-ass. Even at our speed, it was more than a few seconds before we reached a large, grassy clearing. The American lieutenant, the advisor, was on my left as we entered the clearing, and the rest were standing around in no particular formation. Across the clearing I saw one man, a Vietnamese, holding the young girl's hair with his left hand, bending her head back, baring her throat. His right arm was around her and a knife in his right hand was dug deeply in her flesh, beneath and to the left of her esophagus. All he had to do was pull and click, she was gone. One of the children was hanging onto her pajamas, screaming, and the other child's face was being steadily squashed into the sand by the boot of another Vietnamese. The child was suffocating. I shoved the American lieutenant out of the way and shouted something, staring at the guy with the knife at the girl's throat. He was staring at me, too.

With great ease, he pulled the blade across. Her blood spurted and gushed down the front of her pajamas and she dropped to the darkening sand, pulling the child with her. It took no more than a second from the instant he moved the knife until she crumpled in a lifeless heap, her baby still screaming, still pawing at her legs. Her killer jumped back into the group of Vietnamese, pulling with him the guy who'd been suffocating the child. I should have shot them on the spot, while I could still identify them. The rest of the detainees were lined up against the bushes. Four of the men were already dead, lying in the grass off to my right with their heads blown away. A Vietnamese was parading up and down in front of the survivors, waving a pistol. I noticed that one of the four dead men was the stud we had captured at the hut. I felt myself go empty, something drained from me in that moment that I have yet to replace.

"You dumb son-of-a-bitch," I screamed, grabbing the American lieutenant by his shirt. In that instant, I was only a flick away from killing him. It passed. I calmed and turned him loose. "Just what the hell did you let happen here, Lieutenant?"

He was only an advisor, he said. They were only doing a job. They knew their business. Guerrillas weren't protected under the Geneva Accords. They were following orders.

Oh God, I thought. A big, bad-assed American who had never killed anyone in combat or captured a single prisoner legitimately had played hell with these poor devils. Big, bad-assed, All-American boy. God, I was frustrated. I raised my hand to slap him across the area. I lowered it.

"You get all your scrap together and then get the hell out of here," I screamed at him.

"Sir, I have a job."

I glanced down at the four dead men and over to the woman's body. "Not anymore you don't, Lieutenant." He was staring at me with what seemed to be disbelief. I moved as near to him as possible without touching. "Now, you get your people out of here--out of here," I said, quietly and calmly now. "You're finished here. The rest of this--like the charges--we'll take care of back at English."

I think I was steady by then, but there was great hatred inside me. I hadn't felt it with such intensity in years.

I turned to Wally Warden. "Get the rest of the detainees together and out to the LZ, and get on the radio and have your men guard the rest and

make sure that none of these rats' asses get back to them." I went over and knelt down next to the girl's body. I looked at the children for a moment, wondering what was creeping through their young minds as they crawled and cried around their mother's bloody corpse. I picked up both of them and carried them over to the line of detainees against the bushes. I handed them to one of the men. "I'm sorry," I mumbled. "I'm sorry. Take care of them." I turned back to Warden. "Now get them out of here, Wally."

Smitty and I were left alone in the clearing--alone with the dead. "Smitty," I said, staring hard at the bodies of the men, "the hard-core stud there was a better man than that son-of-a-bitch of a lieutenant."

The radio crackled. "Speedster, sir," Smitty said, offering me the hand-set.

"This is Six. Over."

Franklin wanted to know whether or not I had given the detainees to the American advisor and the Vietnamese. I tried to tell him what had happened without using the word "murder" on the radio. "The lieutenant has overstepped his authority, sir, and had to be ordered out of the area," I said into the microphone.

"Let me talk to him," Franklin said.

"He's gone."

"You go get him and turn those people over to him."

I tried to explain that that would be impossible under the circumstances, and for some reason I mentioned MAC-V Directive 20-4, the war-crime counsel from higher headquarters. He seemed not to be listening. I had been given a direct order, he said. Either I would obey it, or I would be guilty of violating direct orders under combat conditions. He made it sound very

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ominous.

"I'll explain it when I get back," I said.

"You bet your ass you will," he said. "You get back here right now."

"Roger that. Out."

I handed the set back to Smitty. There was some more firing off to the east. Dusk was settling fast. I bent down over the bodies of the four men. The flies were already gathering on their gaping wounds. I glanced back at the girl. The shadows were already reaching her form. In a couple of minutes, it would be black.

"Give them the word, Smitty," I said. "Out to the LZ."

We pushed off east while he was still talking into the set. The C and C came in in a swirl of loose sand. I looked back as we lifted off and banked away. There were a half dozen helicopters on the beach. Someone fired two rounds at the birds from the treeline. A door gunner blasted the area. Then it was still.

After berating me for disobeying combat orders, Franklin finally asked what had happened—and I told him every last sordid detail, right down to the blood leaping from the girl's throat.

"Herbert, you're a goddamned liar," he said.

I assured him I wasn't lying. "There were other witnesses, sir."

"Then you're exaggerating," he said. "Did the American, the lieutenant, take part?"

"Yes, sir, he was in charge. He had assumed responsibility for them from Sergeant Warden."

"But did you see him do any killing?"

"No, sir, I didn't."

"Then you're a goddamned liar. There were no U.S. personnel involved," he said. "Goddamn it, Herbert, you're always coming in with these wild-assed, exaggerated stories trying to make trouble. What the hell is wrong with you? You're getting carried away. Maybe you're getting old."

"Maybe, sir," I said, keeping my seat.

"What is it about you, Tony? For Christ's sake, we're not responsible for every last thing the Viets do. After all, it's their country and their war. All we can do is advise and assist. We don't have any operational control over them. That may be unfortunate, but that is a goddamned fact."

"Not this time, sir. That bastard was in charge. He supervised it and he watched it. He flew in on our birds under our orders, he was under our control, and he was in our General's area of operations."

"Are you calling General Barnes a war criminal?" he raged.

"No, sir, I'm not."

"Are you calling me a war criminal?"

"No, sir, I'm not calling you one either."

"Are you calling the lieutenant a war criminal?"

"Yes, sir."

He threw up his hands. "Goddamn it, Tony, what the hell am I going to do with you? You were a young lieutenant once yourself." He shook his head and laughed.

"Yes, sir, and before that, I was a sergeant and before that, a private—and I never murdered anyone, let alone women and prisoners."

"Murder? Did you see that lieutenant murder anyone?"

"No, sir, I did not."

"Then you better watch your ass," he said. "Maybe Bertha was right. Maybe you are getting soft, or maybe guerrilla warfare is too rough for you. I guess it's not quite as soft as a leg-outfit in Korea."

I had been around too long to let myself be baited. "Maybe so, sir."

"Or maybe you're not quite the hero everybody figures."

"Maybe not, sir," I said, standing up. "Sir, I'll get the statements for you and bring them in."

He stood up, too, and came right up against me. We were nose to nose. "No, Herbert, no, you won't do that," he said. "I'll get the statements and you, Lieutenant Colonel Herbert, will do exactly what I say. Understand?"

"I understand, sir."

"Anything else?"

"Yes, sir, there is. I don't ever want that son-of-a-bitch of a lieutenant or his goddamned scrap outfit out with any of my troops again."

"Don't you worry about that, Herbert, the next time you can try it all alone."

He waved me off. I saluted, said my "Good evening, sir," and walked out. I had a crick in my neck and a pain in my back, but it was a waste of time to call for a jeep. I walked down the road to the battalion, checked by the TOC, and then dropped into the sack. I stared at the ceiling.

"Happy Saint Valentine's Day to you, Mister Capone," I mumbled. ○

Lt. Col. Herbert complained of mismanagement, corruption and atrocities, and was relieved of his command. He persisted, however, in seeking Army investigations in these matters. The Army responded with harassment of Herbert and his family. Finally, in November, 1971, Lt. Col. Herbert resigned from military service. This vignette was taken from Soldier, *a memoir which Herbert wrote with James T. Wooten of The New York Times.* Soldier *will be published next month by Holt, Rinehart and Winston.*

FELICIANO *(From Page 36)*

booths. Second, if the detectives waited so long to get to Feliciano's car, could it be because they wanted someone other than themselves to find the bombs? Why? The question hung in the air of the courtroom. Kunstler never actually accused the detectives of placing the bombs in the car, but the attorney had brought out clearly in his cross-examination that before being assigned to surveillance of Feliciano they had both been in the Safe and Lock Department, which meant to those in the courtroom that they should know how to open the trunk or door of any car. He had also established that, before Feliciano left home that morning, they were across the street from his home and his car. Kunstler also enjoyed one other revelation: although all four witnesses had been asked not to apply for commendation for that day's action until after the trials, Gutierrez had done so and received the highest award the Police Department could give.

Talking about it last month, Kunstler said, "I don't believe the system said 'frame him.' Instead, a climate was created in which Feliciano was made to appear as a very dangerous man—and then self-interest began to operate." Kunstler never asked Feliciano to take the stand. He called

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only one witness, the owner of Harry's Sporting Goods Store—emphasizing later in his summation that the prosecution had never called on him although Feliciano had told the patrolmen that he was on his way there—and the man testified that his store was down the street, that he might know Feliciano as a customer but could not be certain, and that the scope did need repairing. The jury discussed the question of "possession" longest, but decided that Feliciano had no knowledge that the bombs were in his car.

I asked Ramon S. Velez, a Bronx Democratic Party leader who is head of the Hunts Point Multi-Service Center, if he believed the Defense Committee's contention that Feliciano was framed because he was a Puerto Rican nationalist. "I would not be surprised," he said, though he had not studied the case. Herman Badillo, the Bronx congressman who is perhaps the most successful of local Puerto Rican politicians, thinks the case follows the typical pattern of district attorneys these days—"they go on a crusade with such tenacity that juries get suspicious." Badillo believes that the Manhattan trial should be dropped. There has, in fact, been a great deal of pressure on District Attorney Frank Hogan to drop the Manhattan case, but some Defense Committee members feel that Assistant District Attorney Fine is eager, for ideological reasons, to go on with it. Possibly also because he thinks he has a sympathetic judge in Birns.

Since his release from jail, Feliciano has moved to Williamsburg. He said he had suffered too much harassment from the police in the barrio. Then, too, the old place had too many bad associations for him. He and his wife had been saving, before his arrest, to return to Puerto Rico. Ms. Feliciano would still like to go back; she worries about her children going to schools where dope is pushed.

The Feliciano family

Although the Puerto Rican Nationalist Party has no organization in New York, old nationalist friends have come to Feliciano's aid and they spend much time together. Since the Bronx trial ended, he has been doing volunteer work in the drug addiction clinic at Lincoln Hospital, hoping that the work will become permanent and salaried. He feels useful there and admires the ex-addicts with whom he works. And politics? "Oh, I shall always be a nationalist," he replied.

One evening I took the QJ train of the BMT to Williamsburg. I looked down from the elevated at the neighborhood that I had visited many years earlier when it was a Jewish ghetto. It looked the same from the train, but down in the streets, except for an occasional Hassidic Jew or Jewish store keeper, there were only Latins to be seen. It was a late summer evening and some men had set up tables in front of the old brownstones to play dominoes. The sounds of the people, the music along the streets, made me feel that I was on a Caribbean island. The park that Ms. Feliciano could not name but which she identified as one with a large statue of a man on a horse was not difficult to find.

The meeting—an anniversary celebration of the birth of Albizu Campos, Don Pedro to all Puerto Ricans—was held with the speakers' backs to the rear of George Washington's horse. On either side of the stand were two flags: the Puerto Rican flag we all know and the red one with the yellow star of the Puerto Rican Socialist Party. Soon after I greeted him, Feliciano dashed home to get the flag of the Nationalist Party. It was one he had carried decades ago when he was a young cadet and Don Pedro led the fight. It is a solid navy blue with a white Maltese cross at its center. Feliciano tied its horizontal ends to the staffs of the other two, so that it stretched directly above the heads of each speaker. Finally, his turn came to speak. "I shall always be a nationalist," he began, "always." ○

MIDEAST *(From Page 40)*

Jewish refugees barred from British Palestine

itself unable to deal with pressing internal social needs. But far more serious than resistance in its implications for Israeli society would be acceptance of the Gaza pattern as the norm, as an unpleasant necessity. This would surely have a corrosive effect on Israeli democracy and social life.

Israel will have to come to terms somehow with the fact that it is a Jewish State governing a society that is in part non-Jewish. This fact, rarely faced in a serious way, has always been the Achilles' heel of political Zionism. If a state is Jewish in certain respects, then in these respects it is not democratic. The problems of achieving democratic goals in a multi-national or multi-ethnic society are not trivial ones. It is pointless to pretend that they do not exist.

It has frequently been suggested that the Jewish state is to be Jewish only in the sense that France is French or England is English. This is patently impossible, however. An immigrant who receives French citizenship is French. If there is some form of institutional discrimination against him, if he is not "truly French" in the eyes of the law or administrative practice, this will be regarded as a departure from the democratic ideal. A citizen of the Jewish State, however, does not become Jewish. This is a matter of principle, not a departure from some ideal norm towards which the society strives. Since it is a matter of principle within a Jewish State, there will be no remedy through slow progress.

The respects in which Israel is a Jewish State are not trivial or merely symbolic, and there is no indication

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that this situation will change. A non-Jewish citizen suffers various forms of discrimination. He is not permitted to lease or work on state lands or lands owned "in the name of the Jewish people." He is not able to reside in all-Jewish cities, such as Karmiel, built on lands confiscated from Israeli Arabs. To mention a recent case, a Druze, formerly an officer with 20 years service in the Israeli Border Police, was denied the right even to open a business near Karmiel by decision of the Israel Land Authority.

According to a publication of the Israeli League for Civil and Human Rights (August, 1971), there are tens of thousands of stateless Israeli Arabs, unable to satisfy the requirements of the Israeli Nationality Law; and the number is increasing, since statelessness is inherited. Arabs born to parents without citizenship, who may not even be aware of this fact until they apply for passports or other documents, do not acquire Israeli citizenship by virtue of the fact that they are born in Israel, in villages where their families may have lived for generations. Arabs do not receive benefits from laws that remunerate families of members of the Israeli Armed Forces, i.e., virtually all Jewish families and, apart from the Druze, no others. In myriad ways, Arabs will not enjoy the full rights of citizenship. It was for such reasons as these that left-wing elements in the Zionist movement were always wary about the idea of a Jewish State, which did not, in fact, become official Zionist policy until 1942, at the time of the destruction of European Jewry by Nazi terror.

The problem is not a small one, no matter what the size of the Arab population in Israel, but it takes on major dimensions when this population is very large, as it will be if the tendencies noted earlier persist. The Supreme Court of Israel has recently ruled that "there is no Israeli nation apart from the Jewish people and the Jewish people consists not only of the people residing in Israel but also of the Jews in the Diaspora." The Court so ruled in rejecting the contention of Professor George Tamarin that Israel is separate from the Jewish people, and thus denied his appeal to change the designation "Jew" in his identity card to "Israeli." The ruling no doubt expresses the implicit content of political Zionism. It also reveals that the legal structure of the state, as well as its customary social practices, will be inherently discriminatory. Liberal Americans oppose laws that discriminate against blacks, and would be appalled if New York City should adopt an urban development program to preserve the "white character" of the city. It is unclear why they should react differently when Minister Shimon Peres outlines a plan for development in Jerusalem that is to perpetuate its "Jewish character" or when non-Jews are excluded from the extensive state or national lands, or even from the grant of citizenship.

Aged Jewish immigrant reaches Israel

PHOTOS /BLACK STAR

[FACING THE BINATIONAL STATE]

The fact is that Israel is already a binational state, at least in the sense that it is a state that contains two identifiable national groups, Israeli Jews and Palestinian Arabs. Even this is misleading, in that some may choose to identify themselves differently (like Professor Tamarin), and Arabs may understand their associations in very different terms. While all of this may have seemed a secondary issue before 1967, after the Six-Day War it became a major problem. If the analysis of current trends outlined above is accurate, it is a problem that will become increasingly serious. The operative question, in my opinion, is how Israel will deal with the fact of binationalism.

One approach is to try to change the fact by Israeli withdrawal from the administered territories. Left-liberal forces in Israel have urged such a policy.

A second approach is the South African or Rhodesian model, not necessarily with the brutality or viciousness of the white racists of Africa, but with a similar institutional structure. Surely this is an intolerable outcome, though it is far from obvious that it is not a likely outcome.

A third possible approach is the American "melting pot" model. But this is inconsistent with Zionist ideology, and will almost surely not be acceptable within Israel. Mayor Teddy Kollek of Jerusalem has stated that "we have no intention of creating a melting pot for Arabs and Jews along American lines." He adds, quite properly, that "If, in a few years, the educational and social gaps between Jews and Arabs in Jerusalem do not disappear, some day . . . there will be an explosion." However, even in the unlikely event that social, educational and economic gaps disappear, the "gaps" in political rights are in principle insurmountable, given the legal doctrine that "there is no Israeli nation apart from the Jewish people," which includes the Jews of Israel and the Diaspora.

A fourth approach is the federal model, for example, along Yugoslav lines, with federated republics each dominated by one national group, and efforts, one would hope, to achieve social, economic and political parity. One might imagine that a regionally-based federation might gradually evolve towards closer linkages, if forms of association along other than national lines prove to be meaningful and firm. Personally, I feel that among those policies that are at all realistic, given present circumstances, some kind of federal solution is the most desirable.

There is, to be sure, still another approach to these problems: to bury one's head in the sand and pretend that they do not exist. Unfortunately, this approach is characteristic of many Americans who regard themselves as supporters of Israel. Whether or not they are supporting Israel in a meaningful way by adopting this attitude is another question.

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In any event, it is, I think, important that some Israelis are seriously facing the facts. After participating in a protest, which he helped to organize, against the expulsions in the Gaza region, Amos Kenan wrote that if, as maximalist groups argue, "one who believes that he has no right to Gaza must also doubt his right to Tel Aviv," then he, Amos Kenan, will "begin to doubt if indeed I have a right to Tel Aviv—at least to Tel Aviv as it now is: a Jewish city, in a Jewish state with a million Arabs deprived of rights" (*Ha-Aretz,* April 18, 1972). "Today," he writes, "we are not living in a Jewish state, but in a binational state." The old Israel came to an end in June 1967, and "a colonialist Israel," which he finds "ugly," was born at that time. The "dynamics of Israel 1972 has already left behind it the protesters of the past," those who called for withdrawal. Presently, the state of Israel rules over a million non-Jews who lack the rights of equal citizens and who now "furnish Israel with cheap labor, without which its high standard of living cannot be preserved." These are the bitter comments of a person who has struggled courageously to prevent the permanent occupation that is now taking shape, with its inevitable consequences for a "democratic Jewish state."

[ROOM FOR CRITICISM]

Throughout the history of Zionism there has been a certain tension between radically opposed conceptions, one socialist and "universalist," the other nationalist and exclusive. Today, the tension between these competing elements remains unresolved, and has become a matter of fundamental importance under the conditions that now exist in Israel. The problems, of course, can only be faced and dealt with by those who are on the scene. Sympathetic outsiders might be able to be helpful, if it becomes possible to create an intellectual and emotional climate in which rational discourse on the topic is possible.

In the United States, at least, this has hardly been the case. Since the Six-Day War, critics of one or another aspect of Israeli policy have been subjected to ridiculous accusations and childish distortion. They have been portrayed as supporters of terrorism or even genocide, or as opponents of democracy. They are asked why they do not denounce Iraqi and Syrian oppression and atrocities, surely quite real, and are told that only those who prove their good faith by "support of Israel" are permitted to criticize the policies of the State.

Examples are many. It is, for example, common to identify binationalism with the PLO position in support of a "democratic secular state." This is a gross error. The PLO (Fatah in particular) has always opposed binationalism in quite explicit terms. This kind of confusion contributes to the unfortunate tendency to identify any critical discussion of current Israeli policy,

Young Jewish citizens of Israel

and any speculation about alternative political arrangements in the Middle East, as "support for terrorism." Or consider the Op-Ed statement by Irving Howe in the *New York Times* (March 13, 1971). Howe claims that opposition to Israel among "a portion of New Left intellectuals" results from their "downright contempt . . . toward the very idea of democracy." He claims that "the campus Guevarists, Trotskyites, Maoists and Panthers" support the Arab states against Israel precisely because of their opposition to democracy, i.e., because the "Arab opponents [of Israel] are ruled by rigid dictatorships" (e.g., Egyptian Communists "languish in jail," etc.).

Consider the reasoning. For Howe's thesis to be coherent, it would at least be necessary to show that the groups he identifies support Egypt and other Arab states against Israel. Howe offers no documentation to support this claim, which, so far as I am aware, is quite untrue. It is certainly false with regard to Sartre (whom he specifically mentions) and his attempt to imply that the *New York Review* and the New Left "everywhere"—from Scarsdale to Palo Alto—support the Arab states against Israel is hardly worthy of comment. There are segments of the New Left that give unreserved (and, in my opinion, often rather mindless) support to the Palestinian organizations, but these latter organizations are not, of course, to be confused with the Arab states to which Howe restricts his comments. Furthermore, these Palestinian organizations are, to my knowledge, supported in the belief that they represent a socialist alternative to the rigid dictatorships that Howe irrelevantly discusses. One might argue that the belief is false, but then the argument no longer serves as a stick to beat the New Left for its alleged totalitarianism. In any event, it is quite obvious that Howe's critique as formulated is simply irrational, quite apart from his misrepresentation of the beliefs of his political opponents.

Surely it is obvious that a critical analysis of Israeli institutions and practices does not in itself imply antagonism to the people of Israel, denial of the national rights of the Jews in Israel, or lack of concern for their just aspirations and needs. The demand for equal rights for Palestinians does not imply a demand for Arab dominance in the former Palestine, or a denial of Jewish national rights. The same is true of critical analysis that questions the existence of the state institutions in their present form.

In every part of the world, there are certainly possibilities other than the system of nation-states; they have their merits and defects, which should be rationally discussed. The problems are particularly acute in multinational societies that are dominated by one national group, with the inevitable violation of democratic principle and practice that results. Neither abuse nor evasion of serious issues makes any contribution to the amelioration of problems that are stubborn and simply will not fade away. ○

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LETTERS *(From Page 6)*

Editors/This is just a note to get a few things off my dope-eaten, disease-ridden, pinko-leaning mind. RAMPARTS is ... *whew* ... the most effective and honest *news magazine available today. Keep up the* good work, but let's see more of Abbie's stuff and less elitist dialogue. Also, something objective on the Black September movement and on Palestinian attitudes and ideals and objectives, etc. Also, Hunter Thompson could "spice it up" a bit. That's all I can write now–my liver's going to burst from all this effort.

–Tom Meyers
Albany, New York

Editors/I wish to congratulate you on the high quality and contents of most issues of RAMPARTS. However, I wish you would stop insulting your readers and contributors by inclusions such as "Uncle Bob's" assessment of the chances of getting away with insurance fraud. Have you ever considered how the purposes of "radical politics" are retarded by your adolescent preoccupation with individual thieving? It's not the first time I have protested such sophomoric folly on your part. Fie on your dilletantish approach to social change. This is a serious business, and you should either regard it as such or stop trifling with us.

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FIRE IN THE LAKE

THE VIETNAMESE AND THE AMERICANS IN VIETNAM

FRANCES FITZGERALD

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JILL KREMENTZ

ATLANTIC/LITTLE, BROWN

Editors/I thought you might be interested in some information to store in your AT&T War Chest. Five interconnected firms are filing an antitrust suit against "AT&T, all its operating subsidiaries, and Western Electric."

The suit contends that AT&T has violated the Sherman Antitrust Act "in maintaining an illegal monopoly with AT&T's control over the equipment portion of the industry." The suit asks that AT&T be forced by the court to remove itself from dealing in station equipment and end "present restraint-of-trade practices." They are also seeking an estimated $25 million in damages "caused by this illegal monopoly."

The plaintiffs say that Bell has restrained competition by charging exorbitant rates to supply the smaller companies with necessary equipment to cover the costs of supplying equipment to their own subsidiaries.

The plaintiffs also charge that "Bell subsidiaries have conspired to use political and economic influences to unfairly influence contract decisions."

The suit also contends that a "conspiracy exists between various parts of the Bell System to control the Telephone equipment industry."

A spokesman for the five companies, Mr. Bob Roberts, compares Bell's ownership of the 24 Bell subsidiaries and its own supplier to "the local electric company controlling all the light bulbs and lighting fixtures." He says that when a person is forced to rent or buy their services from such an organization, "it's always the consumer that ends up getting the short end of the stick."

The suit was filed October 10 in the District Court in San Antonio, and may be amended to include other firms wishing to join in the suit. The original five plaintiffs are Gulf State Telephone, Northeastern Telephone Co., San Antonio Telephone Co., Gulf Telephone and Electronics, and El Paso Telephone Co.

It's about time.

–Peter Almquist
Tucson, Arizona

Editors/I find it quite significant that of the dozen or more magazines I read regularly, only RAMPARTS refrains from printing letters from readers in some issues. Clearly, your magazine is the most "closed" and unresponsive of the lot–and the most totalitarian. Evidently, you believe that you have "the answers," so there is nothing to be gained from dialogue.

Printing this letter will prove nothing to me. I wrote it for myself. I believe that if I am to criticize and complain I must make at least a perfunctory effort to enlighten. I am satisfied.

–Martin Seim
Richmond, B.C., Canada

We will correct this.–Eds. ○

FIRE IN LAKE *(From Page 47)*

between them, rather he asked himself where his duty lay. Which regime had the power to claim his loyalty?" But if this was the case, then why did so many peasants follow the NLF against Diem? We are offered a second explanation: Again it is based on the premise of the absolute authority of the father. This authority, plus Confucian education, "discouraged self-assertiveness and invention." The Vietnamese children, therefore,

> *learned to hold in their feelings–particularly their hostility and aggressiveness. . . . Brought up in the traditional manner, the villagers of the 1960's had learned that their very lives depended upon their "self-control," or, in Western terms, their ability to repress those feelings which might bring them into conflict with others. As children they played no contact sports. (When the Westerners brought football to Vietnam, they did not perhaps realize the difficulties the game might provoke.) As adults they took pains to avoid even the smallest argument with their neighbors.*

This repression of anger, which FitzGerald equates with the Puritans' repression of sex, makes the Vietnamese feel "shame" or "disappointment" about themselves even when mistreated by their landlords. But the situation changed when the Viet Minh and the NLF came along:

> *The solution of the Viet Minh, like that of the NLF, was the systematic encouragement of hatred . . . The Saigon government could not match the NLF, for the systematic encouragement of hatred was a truly revolutionary act.*

And once the "sluice gates" of Vietnamese anger had been opened, the NLF, like the Viet Minh and the Chinese Communists, provided "a channel for that energy," a channel

> *that released aggression. . . . For the NLF, the energies of "hatred" were to go first not into violence, but into the formation of a disciplined community. The Front's plan was to focus hatred upon an external enemy and thus to create unity among its own members.*

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This entire argument is flatly wrong. Did the Vietnamese really play no contact sports? What about the traditional game of *vat lau* which the historian Luong Duc Thiep, among others, has described in some detail? The game was played with two teams on a large field. On each end of the field a hole was dug, and the strongest and biggest member of each team sat or lay down on top of it. The object of the game was to move a grapefruit, or some other round object, from one end of the field to the other by passing, running, tackling, hitting, wrestling, etc., and then to dump the grapefruit into the hole by forcibly removing the hole keeper. Each team had 15 players clad in tight loincloths. Contact there was, and much more so

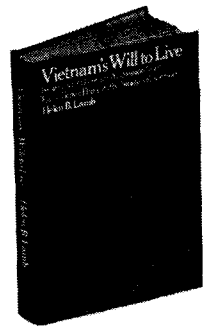
than in the Western game of soccer which, FitzGerald says, traumatized the Vietnamese. Then there was a game called *danh phet* which involved two teams with flat-ended clubs and wooden balls. The game was first used by a Vietnamese woman general of the first century A.D. to train her soldiers in developing muscles, stamina, and a sense for tactics. We need not even mention boxing, wrestling, etc.

There is also no factual basis for FitzGerald's statement that the Vietnamese felt "shame" or "disappointment" when they were mistreated by the landlords and other authorities. Certainly they would avoid conflict with superior force, for the simple reason of self-preservation. Yet on numerous occasions their anger vented forth in rebellious actions against the most powerful authorities: witness the rebellions against the Nguyen court at the pinnacle of its power: Some 500 *khoi nghia* (literally, "uprisings for a righteous cause") are listed in the official chronicles for a period of less than 80 years.

The French colonial period also saw countless uprisings. The Vietnamese knew better than to blame themselves for their wretched condition. Many directed their anger against the exploitative landlords who had the support of the French colonial administration. The exploitation during the French colonial period made the Vietnamese lose their "Confucian self-control," if they ever had it in the first place. Hatred did not have to be systematically encouraged. What had to be encouraged was compassion and concern not only for one's neighbors but also for the population of the entire country. And it was this that transcended all individualistic acts and made the Viet Minh and the NLF revolutionary movements instead of just rebellious groups. There is a huge Vietnamese literature on this subject. But it is enough to read the books written by Phi Van in the 1940's about the peasants in the southern part of Vietnam in order to see the change in their attitude from hatred of the common enemy to love for their own people, and hence the change from individualistic acts of rebellion to revolution. Through long and tortuous years of political education, the Vietnamese learned that it was not enough to rid their country of the foreign invaders; they had to change all the social ills created and perpetuated under those foreigners in order to build a better society for themselves and their children. To stress that "the systematic encouragement of hatred was a truly revolutionary act" is to underestimate the Vietnamese and to misunderstand the driving force behind their struggle.

The father's absolute authority is also the key to Frances FitzGerald's explanation of the relationship between the "natives" and "colonials":

> *The whole notion of an overwhelming power was, of course, an important theme in Vietnamese life. As anyone with a knowledge of Freud might suspect, it had something to do with the relationship of the Vietnamese child to his father, with the idea, conceived in early childhood, that the father, and behind him the ancestors, have far-reaching control over the child. As men tend to see the world accord-*



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ing to their earliest and strongest impression of it, the Vietnamese had transferred this image of childhood to the relationship between two different nations.

As further proof of her contention, FitzGerald cites Octave Mannoni's psychological study of French colonialism in Madagascar, *Prospero and Caliban.* Her justification for drawing this parallel is that "the Madagascans, like the Vietnamese, were ancestor worshippers." Even if one grants that Mannoni's study is valid for Madagascar in the first place, it seems that the connection between Madagascar and Vietnam as given by FitzGerald is extremely tenuous. It is just like saying that the United States and the Philippines are similar because both countries are Christian and both are former colonies. There is not so much as a peep of qualification on her likening of ancestor worship in Madagascar and in Vietnam. Neither is there a discussion of Vietnamese ancestor worship anywhere in her book (all Vietnamese are ancestor worshippers and that is quite enough for FitzGerald to go on.) She cites Mannoni as saying that when the French first arrived in Madagascar, "the natives received them not with hostility but with fear and then a kind of elation." She also says that they "concluded that the French had superhuman powers" and then "by analogy accorded the French a position similar to that of their ancestors." Then she says that the "French conquest of Vietnam had certain startling similarities" because the "French troops met small resistance."

Now, one may ask, what are the "startling similarities" between the fact that "the French troops met small resistance" in Vietnam and the fact that they were received with "fear and then a kind of elation" or were regarded as "superhumans" in Madagascar? And which Vietnamese received the French with fear and elation, or considered them superhumans? The French were generally regarded as "barbarians" and they certainly met with strong and persistent armed resistance as well as other forms of struggle. As for armed resistance during the early years, it has been admirably treated in David Marr's *Vietnamese Anticolonialism 1885-1925.* (It is curious that, although Marr's study was available to Frances FitzGerald long before the publication of her own book, she never used it.) But armed struggle was hardly the only concern of the Vietnamese at that time. The French had arrived at a most critical juncture in Vietnamese history. There had been widespread hunger due to unusual natural disasters such as floods, droughts, and insects. The Vietnamese court had been weakened by rebellions and uprisings against the feudalistic Chinese institutions it had imposed on the Vietnamese. These problems were to worsen after the court surrendered to the French, against the will of the general population. If the military resistance against the French was not up to FitzGerald's expectations, it is because she does not measure it against this arduous background.

An objective look at Vietnam's history and literature would show that the Vietnamese have never been overly impressed by force or supernatural power. They valiantly and successfully stood up against the Chinese for hundreds of years. A grasshopper kicking against a chariot, the Chinese said. But the chariot was overturned. Given enough determination and some luck, "a toad could become the uncle of the king of heaven," the Vietnamese contend. As for supernatural power, the Vietnamese say that "it is only a lump of clay that makes a Buddha." (*De la hon dat cat*

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nen ong but) In their ancestor worship, the Vietnamese do not consider their forefathers superhuman and thus worthy of fear. On the contrary, they felt that since their ancestors had been kind to them and provided for them, they should do the same for the departed ones. That was one way of leading a virtuous life and enhancing the lifes of their posterity.

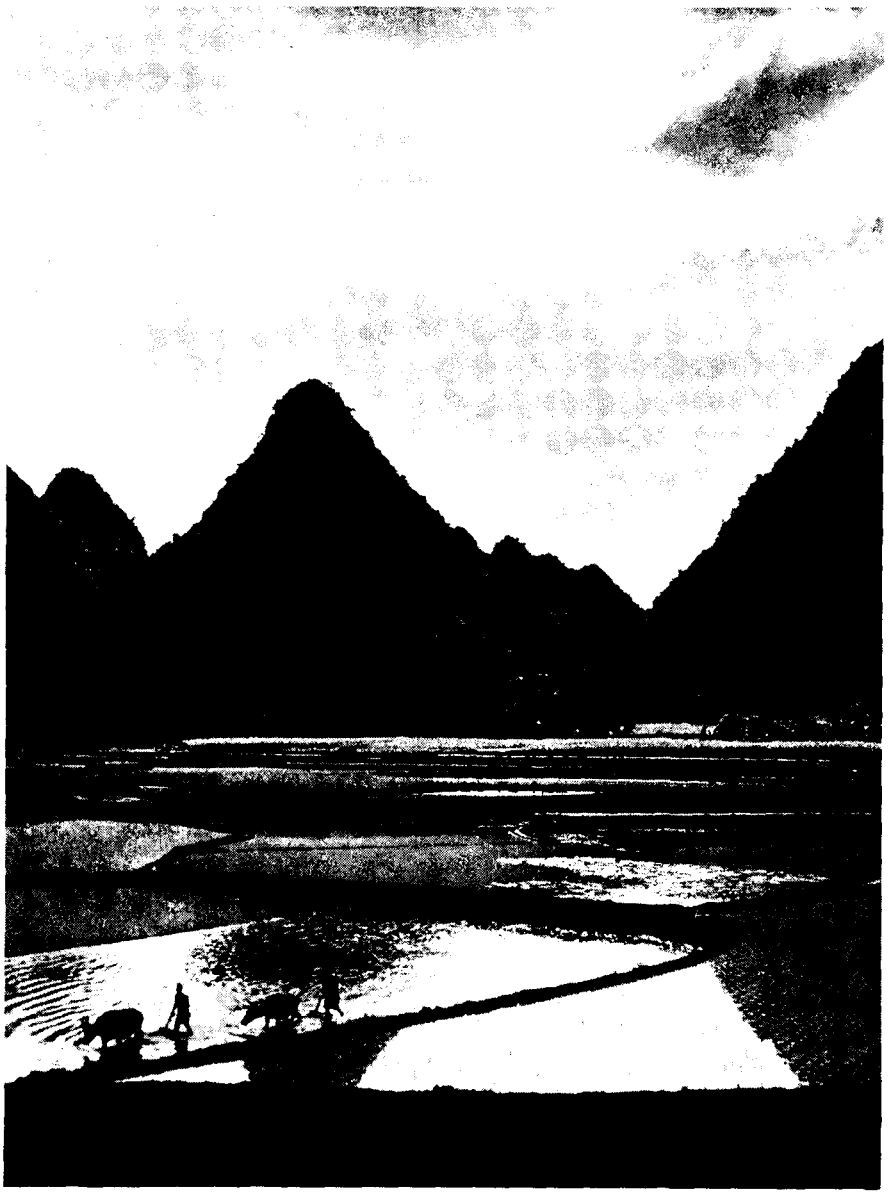
Having made her connection between Madagascar and Vietnam, Frances FitzGerald continues to cite Mannoni as saying that Caliban "hates his master not because Prospero dominates him but because he treats him so badly." Therefore, Caliban (along with the Vietnamese and the Madagascans) "looks forward not to independence, but to finding a new and better master." Then FitzGerald states that in the 1920's and 1930's in Vietnam, the "very foundations of the paternalistic colonical authority" were shaken by their own reforms.

> *[Reforms] indicated to the Vietnamese that the French were no longer sure of themselves. Because they were no longer sure of their right to power, the Vietnamese intelligentsia began to conclude that they had no right to rule.*

Hence subversion and rebellion. Hence the success of the Viet Minh

> *because they managed to create a real alternative to French rule, a state with sufficient authority to mobilize the peasantry and direct their long-suppressed anger against the French to the achievement of national independence."*

Thus does Frances FitzGerald dismiss in one sweep the long-standing tradition of struggle for independence among the Vietnamese. In the exercise of this tradition the Vietnamese have sacrificed almost everything to drive mighty foreign invaders from their country. "It is better to be the head of a chicken than the tail of an elephant," as they express it colloquially. (As the American elephant must have learned by now.) Worse yet, she totally disregards the tremendous effort made by the Vietnamese to overcome the social, economic, and political problems which hindered early successful military resistance. Due to the French policy of "impoverishing the population to rule them" through land expropriation and through increased taxation the Vietnamese population became so hungry that one would imagine they had precious little energy left for political questions:



> *All through the sixty years of French colonization our people have always been hungry. . . . So hungry that their bodies were scrawny and stunted; so hungry that no sooner had they finished with one meal than they started worrying about the next; and so hungry that the whole population had not one moment of free time to think of anything besides the problem of survival.* (Thanh Nghi *bi-weekly, May 5, 1945*)

Yet so fundamental was their desire for freedom that the Vietnamese waged their revolution through the long and tortuous years of education and political organization required for success. To claim as FitzGerald does that, because the French gave the impression of weakness, the Vietnamese then concluded the French had no right to rule, is grossly to downplay the tremendous effort by the Vietnamese against all odds toward winning independence. And in the process, FitzGerald ignores objective historical facts to score some dubious psychological debating points. The same frivolous explanations are then applied to the situation in the southern part of Vietnam after the coming of the Americans, because the south

> *merely passed into a new phase. . . . The peasants, even those who once*

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belonged to the Viet Minh, looked at the Americans much as they had looked at the French. Afraid of the Americans, afraid of their own anger, they tended to avoid the confrontation by blaming the sufferings caused by the American bombs and soldiers on Fate.

But, FitzGerald continues, the NLF made a major effort to convince the peasants that they had "a real and vulnerable enemy," so they got the support of the peasants! Whereas those "who lived under the aegis of the GVN" "assumed the Americans were endowed with an invincible power," so "they wanted the Americans to feed them and take responsibility for them." And the anti-American hunger strike in Hue is explained in the same context: "By refusing food the bonzes were in effect pleading for the Americans to feed them."

FitzGerald's stress on the authoritarian nature of Vietnamese society also leads her to rely on the most damaging misinformation without checking the authenticity of the sources. For example, she claims that the Viet Minh executed Nguyen Binh, the chief of the Viet Minh in the south, because he happened to make a few mistakes. But most French sources say that the French ambushed him on his way back to the north and killed him, not forgetting to cut off his forefingers to display as evidence.

Then, she repeats the old myth about a "bloodbath" in the DRV during the land reform: it was "an anarchic campaign of terror much like that waged by the Diem regime in 1955-58 in which, by conservative estimate, some fifty thousand people of all economic stations were killed and the lower ranks of the party badly damaged." By whose conservative estimate? FitzGerald does not tell us. One can only suspect that it comes from Bernard Fall, who is in fact the source of his own estimate. Or perhaps it is FitzGerald's own conservative estimate based on sources supported by U.S. intelligence agencies, such as the book by Hoang Van Chi. In any event, this myth has frequently been exploded by Vietnamese and Americans alike. For example, Colonel Nguyen Van Chau, who was director of the Central Psychological War Service of the South Vietnamese Armed Forces from 1956 to 1962, declared in a recent interview that the alleged bloodbath in the north was "100 percent fabricated" by intelligence officials in the Saigon government and by their British and American colleagues (*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, Sept. 24, 1972). Gareth Porter of Cornell University has also published a detailed paper on the subject.

But *Fire in the Lake* thrives on its own misinformation as well as every conceivable cliche that has been uttered about Vietnam and the Vietnamese. For, in spite of the fact that

Frances FitzGerald ostentatiously denounces the "invincible ignorance" of American officials and reporters, the basic problem of her book is its almost total reliance on American sources—Sampson, Pike, Sacks, Shaplen, and the numberless "captured" documents and prisoner interrogations. The greater part of the remaining sources are those written by former French and British colonialists. We can appreciate the fact that the author does not know any Vietnamese at all (she is fond of citing Vietnamese words but she mispells them about 90 percent of the time; she does not even know the meaning of *Viet*, for she says that it means "simply southern.") But she might at least have used the Vietnamese stories, poems, and novels that have been translated into French and English. Then, again, perhaps the author sees no need to know what the Vietnamese say about themselves, because, after all, her book is an analysis of the Vietnamese subconscious, and what Vietnamese have consciously said about themselves may be all wrong.

Fire in the Lake is reminiscent of the writings of former French colonialists who tried to explain away the French failure in Vietnam. It is also reminiscent of the psychological treatises by missionaries and sons of missionaries after the "loss of China." Now, after more than a decade of flexing its economic and military muscles in Vietnam, perhaps America is searching for the "root" cause of her failure. Again, it could be conveniently found in the oriental psyche. In spite of all the failure and the destruction, the "inscrutable East" is finally capsulated, its essence captured. Because it has tidbits of the exotic in it, *Fire in the Lake* might become as popular as the American dish of chop suey. For a "native," however, the concoction is not only quite mixed up and tasteless, but it will also give him heartburn. ○

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